

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 471.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## THE GROWTH OF THE "DAILY MIRROR."

## A DAY TO DAY CERTIFICATE

It is not often that the public and the advertising world learn anything of the real circulation of a daily newspaper. Statements have been made from time to time with regard to certain newspapers, but the "Daily Mirror" makes a new record to-day by the publication of a certificate—compiled with much labour and great care—giving the actual circulation of every issue of this journal from the commencement. It will also shortly issue a fresh certificate showing still further progress.

The circulation of the "Daily Mirror" has been built up by an elaborate and costly system of advertising, which has already involved the presentation of a copy of this journal at half the occupied houses in the United Kingdom.

The certificate of Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths & Co. merely shows the actual circulation, and not the total number printed each day, which, in order to provide the specimen copies that have helped to attain this wonderful result, have often numbered many thousand extra copies daily in addition to the paid circulation.

It will be remembered that the "Daily Mirror" was started on November 2nd, 1903, at a penny. The price was modernised on January 28th, 1904, at which time the circulation had fallen as low as 24,000 copies per diem. At the present time the circulation is between 300,000 and 400,000 copies per issue.

WATCH FOR THE  
NEXT CERTIFICATE.

4, Lothbury, London, E.C., 19th April, 1905.

To the Pictorial Newspaper Company, Limited.

Gentlemen,—We have examined the books of the "Daily Mirror" from the 2nd November, 1903, to the 31st March, 1905, and hereby certify that the circulation, **exclusive of specimen and complimentary copies**, was as follows:—

STARTED AT ONE PENNY.		January, 1904.	Copies.	March, 1904.	Copies.	May, 1904.	Copies.	July, 1904.	Copies.	September, 1904.	Copies.	November, 1904.	Copies.	January, 1905.	Copies.	
November.	Copies.	7	27,945	14	47,059	20	151,121	27	177,957	29	228,007	30	225,992	28	250,308	
1	285,217	8	27,508	15	47,384	21	150,331	28	177,957	30	225,992	1	248,542	29	250,308	
2	143,362	9	27,223	16	46,131	22	139,010	30	179,503	October.	2	248,542	30	250,308		
3	126,640	10	26,785	17	45,912	23	138,255	August.	1	169,352	3	247,944	1	248,542		
4	126,640	12	26,451	18	45,116	24	138,255	2	169,352	4	247,944	2	248,542	2	248,542	
5	126,142	13	26,555	21	46,533	25	150,915	3	182,793	5	247,944	3	248,542	3	248,542	
6	116,804	14	26,317	22	45,683	26	150,915	4	182,793	6	247,944	4	248,542	4	248,542	
7	109,509	15	26,394	23	45,683	27	151,292	5	182,793	7	247,944	5	248,542	5	248,542	
8	86,886	16	25,879	24	45,683	28	150,956	6	182,793	8	247,944	6	248,542	6	248,542	
9	74,991	17	25,714	25	45,683	30	149,728	7	182,793	9	247,944	7	248,542	7	248,542	
10	71,060	18	25,633	26	45,683	31	150,136	8	182,793	10	247,944	8	248,542	8	248,542	
11	68,133	19	25,463	27	45,683	June.	1	154,500	9	182,793	11	247,944	9	248,542	9	248,542
12	65,554	20	25,226	28	45,683	2	154,500	10	182,793	12	247,944	10	248,542	10	248,542	
13	62,551	21	24,855	29	45,683	3	153,314	11	184,991	13	247,944	11	248,542	11	248,542	
14	52,629	22	24,728	30	45,683	4	150,760	12	185,172	14	247,944	12	248,542	12	248,542	
15	48,782	23	24,523	April.	4	152,078	5	152,426	13	185,652	15	247,944	13	248,542	13	248,542
16	49,828	24	24,801	1	Nil.	6	152,426	14	187,446	16	247,944	14	248,542	14	248,542	
17	49,828	25	24,801	2	Nil.	7	153,210	15	187,446	17	247,944	15	248,542	15	248,542	
18	49,828	26	24,801	3	Nil.	8	153,210	16	187,446	18	247,944	16	248,542	16	248,542	
19	49,828	27	24,801	4	Nil.	9	153,210	17	187,446	19	247,944	17	248,542	17	248,542	
20	49,828	28	24,801	5	Nil.	10	152,009	18	189,082	20	247,944	18	248,542	18	248,542	
21	49,828	29	24,801	6	Nil.	11	152,009	19	189,082	21	247,944	19	248,542	19	248,542	
22	49,828	30	24,801	7	Nil.	12	152,009	20	190,944	22	247,944	20	248,542	20	248,542	
23	49,828	31	24,801	8	Nil.	13	152,009	21	190,944	23	247,944	21	248,542	21	248,542	
24	49,828	1	24,801	9	Nil.	14	152,009	22	190,944	24	247,944	22	248,542	22	248,542	
25	49,828	2	24,801	10	Nil.	15	152,009	23	190,944	25	247,944	23	248,542	23	248,542	
26	49,828	3	24,801	11	Nil.	16	152,009	24	190,944	26	247,944	24	248,542	24	248,542	
27	49,828	4	24,801	12	Nil.	17	152,009	25	190,944	27	247,944	25	248,542	25	248,542	
28	49,828	5	24,801	13	Nil.	18	152,009	26	190,944	28	247,944	26	248,542	26	248,542	
29	49,828	6	24,801	14	Nil.	19	152,009	27	190,944	29	247,944	27	248,542	27	248,542	
30	49,828	7	24,801	15	Nil.	20	152,009	28	190,944	30	247,944	28	248,542	28	248,542	
31	49,828	8	24,801	16	Nil.	21	152,009	29	190,944	31	247,944	29	248,542	29	248,542	
1	285,217	9	27,223	16	46,131	22	139,010	30	179,503	October.	2	248,542	30	250,308		
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7	109,509	16	25,879	24	45,683	28	150,956	6	182,793	8	247,944	6	248,542	6	248,542	
8	86,886	17	25,714	25	45,683	30	149,728	7	182,793	9	247,944	7	248,542	7	248,542	
9	74,991	18	25,633	26	45,683	31	150,136	8	182,793	10	247,944	8	248,542	8	248,542	
10	71,060	19	25,463	27	45,683	June.	1	154,500	9	182,793	11	247,944	9	248,542	9	248,542
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17	49,828	26	24,801	3	Nil.	8	153,210	16	187,446	18	247,944	16	248,542	16	248,542	
18	49,828	27	24,801	4	Nil.	9	153,210	17	187,446	19	247,944	17	248,542	17	248,542	
19	49,828	28	24,801	5	Nil.	10	152,009	18	189,082	20	247,944	18	248,542	18	248,542	
20	49,828	29	24,801	6	Nil.	11	152,009	19	189,082	21	247,944	19	248,542	19	248,542	
21	49,828	30	24,801	7	Nil.	12	152,009	20	190,944	22	247,944	20	248,542	20	248,542	
22	49,828	31	24,801	8	Nil.	13	152,009	21	190,944	23	247,944	21	248,542	21	248,542	
23	49,828	1	24,801	9	Nil.	14	152,009	22	190,944	24	247,944	22	248,542	22	248,542	
24	49,828	2	24,801	10	Nil.	15	152,009	23	190,944	25	247,944	23	248,542	23	248,542	
25	49,828	3	24,801	11	Nil.	16	152,009	24	190,944	26	247,944	24	248,542	24	248,542	
26	49,828	4	24,801	12	Nil.	17	152,009	25	190,944	27	247,944	25	248,542	25	248,542	
27	49,828	5	24,801	13	Nil.	18	152,009	26	190,944	28	247,944	26	248,542	26	248,542	
28	49,828	6	24,801	14	Nil.	19	152,009	27	190,944	29	247,944	27	248,542	27	248,542	
29	49,828	7	24,801	15	Nil.	20	152,009	28	190,944	30	247,944	28	248,542	28	248,542	
30	49,828	8	24,801	16	Nil.	21	152,009	29	190,944	31	247,944	29	248,542	29	248,542	
31	49,828	9	24,801	17	Nil.	22	152,009	30	190,944	1	247,944	30	248,542	30	248,542	
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18	49,828	28	24,801	5	Nil.	10	152,009	18	189,082	20	247,944	18	248,542	18	248,542	
19	49,828	29	24,801	6	Nil.	11	152,009	19	189,082	21	247,944	19	248,542	19	248,542	
20	49,828	30	24,801	7	Nil.	12	152,009	20	190,944	22	247,94					







## KING EDWARD AS PEACEMAKER.

His Majesty Tries To End  
the Russo-Japanese War.

### NOTE TO POWERS.

Important Interview with Lord  
Lansdowne and Premier.

The most important aspect of the war in the Far East to-day relates to King Edward's endeavour to bring about an end of the disastrous struggle between Russia and Japan.

I am in a position to state, writes the M.P., who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the House of Commons, that the King has been and is at the present moment greatly interesting himself in an effort to bring about a termination of the war; and that he is most anxious to be the means of arranging for a Joint Note on the part of all the Great Powers, offering their services in the direction of mediation.

It does not necessarily mean that this joint offer would be made immediately, the intention being that it should be deferred until a favourable opportunity presents itself, or, at any rate, until it has been ascertained that there is a likelihood of both Russia and Japan receiving the proffered offer with favour.

#### THE TIME FOR ACTION.

In the event, however, of another great Russian defeat occurring within the next few weeks, it may be safely assumed that the Powers would make instant efforts to put an end to further bloodshed.

Already France and the United States are believed to be in entire accord with King Edward's known desire to witness the termination of the struggle between Russia and Japan, and it will not be surprising therefore if within a very short time developments take place of vital moment to the civilised world.

Much discussion has taken place in official circles and in the Lobby of the House of Commons yesterday in reference to the topics discussed by his Majesty the King with President Loubet and the French Foreign Minister during his visit to Paris.

The fact that Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour met the King immediately on his arrival in London, and also that the Foreign Secretary had another interview with his Majesty yesterday, is regarded on all sides as a proof that his Majesty had something to communicate of more than ordinary State importance.

PARIS, Friday.—The "Petit Parisien" states that it cannot be doubted that the King in his conversations with President Loubet and M. Delcassé testified to the desire, so entirely shared by France, of seeing the termination of the terrible war in the Far East.—Reuter.

### SKIPPER'S STRANGE WHIM.

Sets Out on a Lonely Voyage in the North  
Sea Pursued by Steam Drifter.

An extraordinary incident occurred in the fishing village of Buckie, N.B., yesterday.

The large boat Laverock, which had only the master on board, was seen to hoist sail and put to sea. The boat, which is about eighty feet long, usually carries a crew of eight, but the master had hoisted the sail with the steam whin.

A steam drifter, manned by a large crew, put to sea to bring the Laverock back.

The chase promised to be a long and stern one.

### COLONIES WITHOUT MAILS.

West Indies Will Possess no Regular Letter  
Service After June 30.

Mr. C. B. Lucas, writing to the secretary of the West India Committee on behalf of Hon. A. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, yesterday, announced that after June 30 the mail service under contract to the West Indies will cease.

"The Windward and Leeward Islands will fare very badly," said a high official at the Post Office to the *Daily Mirror*. "They will be absolutely dependent on inter-insular communication for the dispatch and delivery of their mails. The whole postal arrangements will be upset unless there is a Government mail contract."

## ROYAL BRIDE AS SCHOLAR.

Princess Margaret Busy Learning  
Her Sweetheart's Language.

### MARRIAGE IN JULY.

One of the pleasantest acts of the King, now that he has returned to London, will be the confirmation of the date of the wedding of Princess Margaret of Connaught to the Crown Prince of Sweden.

According to present arrangements, the happy event will take place on July 6.

The Princess is now engaged daily in learning the language of her fiancé, under the direction of Mr. Oesterberg, master of the New Elementary School, Stockholm, who arrived from Sweden about a fortnight ago to take up his tutorial duties at Clarence House.

Her Royal Highness, who takes her lessons from nine till eleven every morning, displays great interest in her studies, and her progress in the language is accelerated by her knowledge of German, to which Swedish is much akin, the differences in pronunciation constituting the chief difficulty.

#### PRINCESS'S NEW HOME.

After the wedding the royal pair will take up their residence for a few weeks at Solero (Sofia's Rest), a castle named after the Queen of Sweden and Norway, and situated near Helsingfors, in Southern Sweden.

Subsequently, however, their permanent residence will be in Christiania.

This arrangement owes its importance to the fact that it is the very first instance of a royal Prince having a permanent residence in Norway, and it is hoped that the presence of the heir to the dual throne in their midst may bind the Norwegians to a closer allegiance than they are at present inclined to pay to the sister kingdom.

The Crown Prince Gustav Adolf will arrive within the next ten days in England, and will be the guest of his future father-in-law at Clarence House for a fortnight.

### PAUPER CLAIMS ESTATE.

Question of Dragoon Captain's "Scotch" and  
"Formal" Marriages.

In the interests of a son, who is now in the workhouse, an attempt is being made to prove that the late Captain J. Somerville, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, who died in 1886, went through the Scotch form of marriage prior to his formal marriage in Ireland in 1861.

On the decision of the Land Judges' Court at Dublin having the Somerville estate in Co. Meath, which would otherwise go to Lord Athlone.

The story begins with the introduction by Captain Somerville of a lady to his friends as his "wife" in 1846.

Six children were born to them prior to 1861, when they were formally married at Killeigh Church, Mount Nugent.

### BATTLE WITH WAVES.

Vessel Almost Overwhelmed by Tempest—  
Captain and Mate Perish.

It was after a voyage from South America, full of terrors, that the three-masted ship *Stars* sailed into Plymouth Harbour yesterday.

The ship came for some particularly heavy weather off the Scilly Islands, where the vessel was tossed and buffeted by huge waves.

Deck fittings and cabins were swept away, and when the officers and crew, about fifteen in number, were struggling with the sails, the water streamed over the decks.

From stem to stern the ship was deluged, and in the heaviest gale the captain and second mate were hurled overboard, beyond all chance of rescue.

All through yesterday a severe gale raged in the English Channel and North Sea, and a pilot was drowned at Dungeness.

### SOLICITOR'S TERRIFYING FALL.

A London solicitor visiting North Wales has had a remarkable experience. Crossing mountains from Rumbon to Llangollen, he lost his nerve and fell from the summit of Englyswydd Rocks, bounding from rock to rock to the base, where he became unconscious. The mystery is that he survived his terrifying fall.

### INSANITY FOLLOWS DIVORCE.

Her mother has petitioned the Edinburgh Court of Session to appoint a trustee for the estate of the divorced wife of Mr. J. N. E. Livingstone, of West Quarter, Stirlingshire. The lady is now an inmate of Craighouse Asylum, Edinburgh. There were cross-actions, and both Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone were decreed.

## GERMAN FIRE-EATERS

Sure That Admiral Fitzgerald Is an  
Official "Trouble-Maker."

### DEFY UNITED STATES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Friday.—The Germans, always waiting for England to tread on the tail of their coat, are now convinced that he has deliberately instigated Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald to trample on the garment in question and threaten her with war. The Admiral's article in the "Deutsche Revue" is taken as intentionally meaning to make faces at the Kaiser. He is compared to the small boy who throws off his coat and defiantly cries "Come on!" at the same time squaring up to a peaceful passer-by with his fists. All this it is supposed to be doing as a regularly-appointed agent of England.

Time was when the Germans were not hysterical, but they are now. The antics of the Emperor as to Morocco having proved a fiasco, they feel sensitive in an international way, thinking other countries are laughing at their discomfiture.

The belief is held by some German jingoes that England will suddenly pounce upon the German navy and destroy it before it gets too powerful. The English suggestion that Germany should stop building warships is quoted as the most powerful reason why she should not stop.

Another section of Germans say that Admiral Fitzgerald is entirely mistaken in assuming that the fleet of the Fatherland is meant to fight England. They declare that the extra battleships are being built to ultimately wipe upon the United States, to destroy the efficacy of the Monroe doctrine, and open up the splendid virgin soil of South America to German colonisation.

The present temper of the German people is somewhat like that of a goaty, irritable person who is bound to quarrel with somebody. The country is in a sort of international rage, wildly determined to expand and make a noise in the world, and exasperated at the thought that other nations do not take Germany quite as seriously as she takes herself.

### THRILLING FIRE SCENE.

Residents Entrapped by Flames Leap  
Desperately from Windows.

Three girls and one workman were injured in a serious fire which occurred yesterday on the premises of Messrs. Tenchio and Co., wholesale pastry-cooks, of Commercial-road, Peckham.

The flames, starting in the basement, soon cut off the ordinary channels of escape.

In the absence of a fire-escape neighbours held out a blanket, into which the occupants of the place leaped from the bedroom windows.

During these proceedings three girls were injured, and it is feared that the daughter of the proprietor will not recover from the severe injuries she sustained to her head.

One of the workmen, an Italian, was so stricken with horror at his terrible plight that he jumped, half awake, from the third floor window, thirty-five feet above the ground.

He alighted on the corrugated iron roof of a dilapidated shed, which collapsed beneath him, and, falling into a cellar, he was seriously injured.

### PRINCE FRITZ TO VISIT ENGLAND.

Prince Eitel-Fritz, second son of the Kaiser, arrives next week at Claremont, Esher, on a visit to the Duchess of Albany, together with his cousin and intimate friend, the Duke of Coburg (Duke of Albany). King Edward will entertain both in London during their visit. They served in the same German regiment.

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The Marquis of Tullibardine was yesterday adopted prospective Unionist candidate for East Perthshire.

Parisian thieves have stolen at the Law Courts the cigarette case of one magistrate and the law books of another.

H.M. gunboat *Thistle*, says a Connaught telegram published in Madrid, has anchored off Cape Finisterre, badly damaged.

BERLIN, Friday.—The 50,000th successful shot fired by the Kaiser during his life brought down a white pheasant in Gross-Strehlitz.

It was officially made known at Portsmouth yesterday that the summer naval manoeuvres are to be postponed. No reason was given.

Lord Kitchener's appeal for funds for the relief of sufferers from the earthquake has, states the "Civil and Military Gazette," been based on an extraordinary mistake.

Mr. Perdicaris, who was kidnapped at Tangier, says that the night before he was released he learned that two Spanish children were murdered in the hut he was occupying.

## PREMIER AMONG PRIMROSE DAMES.

Radical Wirepuller Still Thought a  
"Dangerous Animal."

### "SOFTER" OPPOSITION.

Thousands and thousands of Primrose Leaguers crowded the Albert Hall yesterday afternoon for the annual Grand Habitation, over which the Premier presided.

Many a great lady was there, many a noble lord. Primrose "Knights" and "Dames" from every habitation in the country joined in the National Anthem, which opened the proceedings, having just before cheered themselves momentarily hoarse as, to the triumphant strains of Handel's famous march, Mr. Balfour, mounted the platform.

He made many skilful thrusts at the Opposition, which he declared was not quite so well equipped as a year ago with a subject for ingenious misrepresentation; then they were disseminating fictions as to what was known as Yellow Labour and their crude mendacious violence throughout the constituencies.

The Opposition were rather like a spoilt child deprived of some toy and showing its displeasure, as spoilt children were apt to do, by shouting—he had almost said some wild policy and acts of scarcely good manners.

#### OPPOSITION GROWS SOFTER.

A large number of those who voted against the Aliens Bill last year were for some good reason or other absent from the division this year. They were wise, because the measure was a just one; but he wanted to point out how the approach of a general election softened the opposition, which at one time threatened to be overbearing.

What was the use of Radicals telling them in their speeches that the Conservative fiscal policy was criminal and obscure—he thought it was Mr. Chamberlain who was criminal, and he himself who was obscure; and then that all their criminality and obscurity would be wasted, because they would not have an opportunity of telling another House of Commons what to do?

What was another House of Commons with a Radical majority going to do? Statements had been made by those high up in the Radical Party which would give cold comfort in the Colonies, where they took the Empire very seriously.

Certainly the Radical wire-puller walking about the face of the earth in search of a programme was a very dangerous animal. When last in office the Radicals tried to pull down the Welsh Church and the Union with Ireland—and were foiled in both attempts.

#### DANGER NOT DIMINISHED.

The League had a duty as urgent as the duty of construction—a duty of maintenance. They were called into existence to preserve the Crown, to preserve the Empire, to preserve religion. They must not think that the Empire and religion were less danger than they were twenty years ago. They would have to struggle to see that the wishes of the parents of this country in respect to the religion of their children would be respected in the schools of the country, that no integral portion of the English Church was imperilled by the attacks of its assailants, and, above all, that the Union between England and Ireland was not attacked by any form of Home Rule.

### DIARY OF AN M.P.

Lord Kitchener's Position Still a Topic of  
Acute Interest.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Friday Night.—I understand that Mr. Brodick will again be pressed on Monday to give some information respecting the position of Lord Kitchener.

It is an open secret that relations are extremely strained between Lord Kitchener and the India Office, and the return of Sir George White from Gibraltar is regarded as having a very important bearing upon the dispute which is now in progress.

I have reason to believe that Mr. Wyndham will make his personal explanation of the reasons why he resigned the Irish Chief Secretaryship, before Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman proposes his vote of censure on Tuesday.

There is a very strong feeling in the House respecting the West India mail contract, and despite the altered attitude of the Colonial Office, and their desire to stop the mail service at the end of June, I believe that the adjournment of the House will shortly be moved to ventilate the whole business.

According to the "Westminster Gazette," there is talk again of a general election in June.

### THE WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Easterly or variable breezes; fine and sunny in most districts; cool morning, with afternoon showers. Lighting-up time, 8.29 p.m.; Sunday, 8.30 p.m. Sea passages will be moderate to smooth.



## MASKED MURDERS CONFESSION.

Albert Stratton Accuses His Brother  
of the Crime.

### AMAZING PLEA.

Younger Man Expects Ten Years' Penal  
Servitude.

With a shudder of surprise the public attending the "Deftford masked murders" trial at the Old Bailey yesterday heard, in counsel's opening address, that Albert Stratton, the younger of the two brothers charged with the crime, had made a statement to a warder accusing his elder brother, Alfred.

"His accusation was in part a confession. He had beckoned the warder to the window of his cell, and, in callous language, with an undertone of cowardice, said, alluding to his brother:

"I reckon he'll get strung up, and I'll get about ten years. He led me into this. He is the cause of me living with that woman. I don't want to get strung up. He had never done any work in his life, only about a month.

"Counsel's comment on this voluntary statement was that it afforded overwhelming testimony of Albert's own guilt, without being evidence against Alfred.

### Story of the Crime.

Both brothers are young men. Alfred is twenty and Albert twenty-two years of age.

Their victims were an aged and respected couple during the span of human life—Thomas Farrow and his wife, Ann Farrow—who were attacked in their little oil-shop, High-street, Deptford, on the morning of March 27.

The Farrow did not own the oil-shop, but attended to it for the proprietor, thereby earning a comfortable livelihood in the evening of their days. Above the shop was their dwelling.

The motive of the crime was to rob the till, which contained the week's takings—some £13. To avoid identification the robbers screened their faces in masks, made from women's black stockings.

Seldom has a more sordid story of human depravity been unfolded at the Old Bailey than that rehearsed by Mr. R. D. Muir, in the case for the prosecution. It was a murder drama untempered by a vestige of romance or extenuating impulse.

### The Black Cap.

As Judge Channell took his seat on the bench, the observant public noted the grim detail of Old Bailey formality—that he carried the black cap in his hand.

"Not Guilty," pleaded the brother prisoners, looking straight at the Judge. Each had acquired an air of respectability under the restraint of prison treatment.

Alfred sat bolt upright, impassive as stone; Albert leaned back in his dock and occasionally shut his eyes, as though anticipating his fate and resigned to it.

Beyond the statement of Albert, set forth above, there was little in the evidence with which the public have not already become acquainted.

"The motive was robbery," said Mr. Muir, "and a finger-print left on the cash-box was the impression of Alfred Stratton's right thumb," he added, with evident confidence in the science of identification by finger-prints.

He alluded to Albert Stratton's nickname of "Hockney," which caused the prisoner to smile broadly. His brother paid no heed.

Silence fell upon the court when counsel recounted a scene between the woman Cromarty, with whom Alfred had lived, and the prisoner.

"Cromarty," said Mr. Muir, "happened to read the description of the men seen to be leaving the shop of the murdered couple published in the newspapers.

### Warder and the Confession.

"How like you it is!" she exclaimed to Alfred, as she glanced at one of the descriptions. "Do you think," was the reply, "I should walk about the streets if I had done such a thing? Think how well I am known." He never looked at the paper, but remarked to the woman, "If anybody asks if I was out last night say 'No'; he was in bed."

While rehearsing the circumstances in which the one brother had accused the other, it was noticeable that the prisoners carefully averted their eyes, Albert watching the effect of his statement on the jury, and Alfred looking, with half-shut eyes, at the Judge.

The incident with which the day's proceedings ended was the detailed account given by William Gettings, the warder, to whom Albert Stratton made his voluntary confession.

The prisoner warned the warder not to say anything to his brother.

"I shall not say anything," he said, "until I can see he has got no chance."

The trial was then adjourned till to-day.

## CLAIMS £6,000,000.

Poor Deaf Mute Says He Is Heir to  
a Great Estate.

If Robert Palmer Hume, of Lowestoft, is able to substantiate a claim he is making to an estate in Scotland he will, at one step, pass from extreme poverty to colossal wealth.

Hume, who is deaf and dumb, has hitherto picked up a meagre living by dragging for dead bodies, old rope, and other stray pickings in the sea; and the estate he claims is, it is said, worth £6,000,000.

He states that he is descended from William Hume, a farmer, of Eastbarnes, who, in 1784, bequeathed £400 for the maintenance of two bursaries at Edinburgh University.

But there was an enormous estate, which, in the absence of any known heir, passed into Chancery.

Certain documents, including an important marriage certificate, have just come into Hume's hands, making it clear to him that he has a right to this property.

But he was so poor that he could not pay the cost of any inquiry, and in despair he appealed to his friends.

They were strongly impressed with the strength of his case, and the result was that he soon obtained enough money from them to enable him to go to Dunbar.

There he saw solicitors, and careful and searching inquiries are now being prosecuted into the facts.

Hume professes to be perfectly confident of the result, and goes about his daily work undisturbed by his dazzling prospects.

## ROMANCE OF MILLIONS.

Debtor Said To Have Had £10,000,000 Taken  
from Him by Brazilian Officials.

A romantic story was told in the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday, when Mr. Registrar Brougham resumed the public examination of Count Leopoldina, described as of 55, New Broad-street.

The debtor, who failed in December, 1899, had carried on various businesses at Rio de Janeiro, and upon the breaking out of the revolution there in 1892 he was made prisoner and deported to Venezuela.

He was declared bankrupt, and his property, which had over £10,000,000 sterling, was taken possession of by the Brazilian officials.

Since his release in 1893 he has been endeavouring to enforce his claim against the Government.

The accounts show liabilities £48,198, the assets consisting of the above claim.

Mr. J. W. Chapman, Official Receiver, said that the debtor ought to be in attendance. He had been pursuing his claim against the Brazilian Government, but he had received no information as to the position of the matter.

The case was adjourned sine die.

## PEER'S MOTOR-CAR.

Lord Harrington Pays £50 for Collision with  
a Brougham.

Fifty pounds damages for injuries to her brougham and personal injuries to herself were yesterday awarded to Mrs. Otto Stewart Andree, who, with her husband, brought an action against Lord Harrington.

His lordship's motor-car was held to be the culprit responsible for the injuries. Meeting Mrs. Andree's brougham, Grosvenor-crescent last summer, it frightened the horses, with the result that they plunged; that a window was smashed; and that Mrs. Andree's hand was cut.

Lord Harrington was not in the car at the time. The occupants were the chauffeur and Lord Annaly, who was about to go with Lord Harrington to play polo.

After Lord Annaly had explained in the witness-box that he at once hurried back to the brougham to give any assistance in his power, he told the Court that he "did not know much about motors."

"Lord Annaly knows more about hunters," said the Judge for the information of counsel.

## £56,000 A YEAR ON BETTING.

When William Huckin, of Penge, and his son were brought up at the Guildhall yesterday, charged with keeping the premises at 12, Carthusian-street, Aldersgate-street, for betting purposes, it was said the books kept by them showed that they had last year a turnover of £56,000.

Sir Walter Wilkin fined Huckin the maximum penalty of £100, or three months, and his son £10, or one month.

## EVICTIONS RESISTED WITH STONES.

At Limerick yesterday Sheriff Prendergast, the bailiffs, and the police were assaulted with stones and bottles while carrying out evictions. An entrance was in the end effected by backing down the doors with hatchets.

## STRIKERS' MARCH.

Rebellious Bootmakers Recruiting  
with Military Ardour.

## AMAZONS DECLINED.

"Gribble's army," as the pick of the Raunds strikers are called, were busy yesterday making ready for their great march to London, which begins on Monday. Their leader and his officers, in the little red-brick club on the hillside, spent the morning signing-on recruits.

Only those of sound health, good stamina, and prepossessing appearance will take part in this pacific assault upon the War Office.

General James Gribble is an ex-Army man himself, and knows how to marshal his forces.

Many mothers and sisters urge that a corps of Amazons should be formed, but the commander-in-chief has declined. The army will probably consist of 150 men, who will march in companies of twenty, each with its own officer. In the van will be the cyclist's corps, followed by the band, and an ambulance wagon will bring up the rear.

A parade will be held in the market square early on Monday morning, and, to an inspiring march, the force will leave Raunds at eight o'clock.

During the five days' march halts will be made at Rushden, Bedford, Luton, Dunstable, St. Albans, and Watford. On Friday morning, vigorous annual refreshment of a night's rest, the soldiers of fortune will march on Pall Mall.

### Army's Intentions Peaceful.

"This is no warlike expedition," declared "General" Gribble breezily; "it is purely in the cause of peace that we are calling at the War Office."

Raunds owes its prosperity to its boots, and is the centre of the Army trade. But it is feared that Northampton, Leicester, and other towns will seize its trade unless some settlement is come to before long.

Former friends who are friends no longer banded fearful insults, but no fists were raised, no stones thrown. It is with the women-folk that the police find it most difficult to deal. Girls at the factories have more to suffer than the men. Several buxom girls had to be escorted to their homes by policemen.

## FONT'S STRANGE HISTORY.

Restored to Its Original Use After Centuries  
of Wandering.

In the parish church of Selston (Notts.), to be reopened to-day after restoration, is an old font which has had a romantic history.

It is said to have stood in the old church for nearly five centuries, and was then taken to Blackwell by a farmer, and used as a cattle trough for about fifty years.

Subsequently the farmer returned to Selston, and the font then did duty as a trough at the village inn for about a century.

The late proprietor of the inn, on leaving a few years ago, took the font with him and put it in his conservatory, where a rose-tree was planted in it.

The vicar, having established the genuineness of the font, secured it for the church.

## "SEEDLESS" APPLES.

Auctioneers Confident the Pipped Fruit Cut  
Up Is What They Sold.

We have received a letter from Messrs. Garcia, Jacobs, and Co., the well-known Covent Garden fruit auctioneers, with reference to the "seedless" apples found by the purchaser to contain both cores and pips. The mystery deepens, for Messrs. Garcia, Jacobs affirm after examination that the apples cut up are the original fruit.

They were sent to this firm in January by the Daily Telegraph "to be sold for the benefit of the West Ham Relief Fund. Messrs. Shearn and Co. bought them for 30s. apiece. Last Tuesday they cut them up—and lo! the famous Spencer "seedless" apples were not seedless.

Photographs of the apples, whole in January, divided in May, appeared at each date in the Daily Mirror. Messrs. Shearn are quite sure the apples cut up are the same; the photographs, and now Messrs. Garcia, Jacobs's letter are confirmatory.

Mr. Sampson Morgan, of Broadstairs, apple expert, asserts that the apples are not the same, but has produced no evidence.

## "THIS IS GOD'S MONEY."

During an altercation at a meeting at St. Mary's, Trawden, near Colne, the people denounced the vicar's statement of the expenditure of the sick fund.

"That's all you'll get. This is God's money," said the vicar, hurriedly gathering up his books and departing.

## CHARTERED DIVIDEND.

Increasing Wealth Will Make It  
Possible Shortly.

While the British South Africa Company was thought to be on the verge of bankruptcy, a surprising, almost theatrical, change has come over the fortunes of Cecil Rhodes's great company.

For the first time in the history of the company it is probable that the income will exceed the administrative expenditure.

It is hoped that the growing Customs duties will convert a deficit of £12,000 into a surplus of £8,000 this year.

During fifteen years there has been an annual deficit varying between £216,000 and £557,000, and mounting up altogether to £8,000,000.

The cause of the change is that owing to the completion of the railway through Rhodesia the country is opened to settlers and an outlet is provided for its vast mineral and natural wealth.

The gold output for last month was nearly 35,000 ounces, representing a value of over £1,500,000 a year.

## FAMOUS HACKNEY OWNER.

Leaves Engravings of Stud Horses as Heir-  
looms.

Mr. George Bourdass, M.R.C.V.S., of Hunmanby, Yorkshire, owner of the famous hackneys Denmark and Danegelt, which latter horse he sold to Sir Walter Gilbey for £5,000, left estate of the gross value of £6,274.

He bequeathed to his married daughter all his paintings, drawings, and engravings of celebrated stud horses, to devolve in her family as heirlooms.

About £30,000 was left for charitable purposes under the will of Mr. H. D. Herral, of Chobham, Surrey, one of the proprietors of "The Graphic." The gross value of his estate was returned at £54,856.

Lancashire charities benefit to the extent of £18,000 by the will of Miss Hannah Beswick, of Mount Gambier, Mossley.

## STOCKING AS BANK.

Suitor Who Distrusts Joint-Stock Concerns  
and Keeps Her Money at Home.

In a case at the Kingston (Surrey) County Court yesterday counsel stated that his client, a lady, and the members of her family had an aversion to banking, but kept the money in the historical stocking.

His Honour: Whose stocking are you referring to?

Opposing Counsel: Perhaps my learned friend is going to produce the stocking.

The client said that the money she saved was kept for her in her grandmother's stocking.

His Honour: Is this the historical stocking? (Laughter.)

Witness: Yes, your honour.

She further stated that some of her money was kept in a little box under the carpet underneath a big chest of drawers.

## PIGMIES' VISIT TO LONDON.

Government Will Not Interfere, but They  
Will Come at Colonel Harrison's Risk.

No definite decision has been made yet regarding the much-talked-of pigmies. But Colonel Harrison, who brought them to Cairo from Central Africa, told the Daily Mirror yesterday that he still hopes to give Londoners a chance of seeing the "little people."

He may even exhibit them in a few large provincial towns.

Earl Percy yesterday, in the House, informed Sir W. Brampton Gordon, M.P., that the Government has no legal power to prevent the pigmies coming into this country without proof of compulsion having been used, which Colonel Harrison denies.

If Colonel Harrison exhibited them it would be entirely at his own risk.

## KING AT ALBERT HALL CONCERT.

King Edward has promised to be present at the concert to be held at the Albert Hall next Friday in aid of the Union Jack Club for soldiers and sailors.

Under the personal direction of the Prince of Wales, the entertainment will be contributed to by a brilliant company of artists, including Mme. Melba, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, and M. Maurel.

## SHAH'S VISIT TO BELGIUM.

The Shah of Persia will visit Belgium during the coming summer and make a stay at Ostend.

He will bring with him his youngest son, Nazed-Din-Azirza and his grandson, Etizad-Sal-staneh, who are, it is said, to be educated in Europe.



# EARL ACTS AS "HOUSEBREAKER."

Lord Warwick's Singular Role in a  
Marriage Suit.

## BARRICADED WIFE.

1. He kept his wife out from her home by barricades, padlocks, and barbed wire.
2. He tried to keep an earl who wished to visit him from his house by barbed wire, padlocks, and barricades.

This formidable indictment was presented yesterday in the Divorce Court against Mr. George S. Q. Watson Taylor, an eccentric gentleman who has a country house at Kingston-hill Place, and large estates. Mr. Rawlinson, K.C., presented the indictment on behalf of Mrs. Evelyn M. G. Watson Taylor, who asked for a judicial separation from her husband.

The ground of the petition was "desertion." Mr. Watson Taylor had discovered a novel method of deserting a wife—by barricading her out with barbed wire.

Lord Warwick, a trustee of Mrs. Watson Taylor's marriage settlement, was the earl who was also refused admittance.

Married in 1895, Mr. Watson Taylor—so Mr. Rawlinson said—became exceedingly peculiar and fitful in his behaviour towards his wife. He was in the habit of on one day hinting that he desired to be separated from her, and on the next day, of being extremely affectionate.

### Man of Moods.

Once, when she had retired to her room, a letter was thrust through the doorway. It was from Mr. Watson Taylor, and suggested that his wife should make immediate arrangements to leave the house.

But on the next day the writer was in quite a different mood. He said that he was very sorry. Would Mrs. Watson Taylor make it up?

Eccentric fitfulness reached a climax when, on returning to her home one evening, Mrs. Watson Taylor was confronted by the padlocks, the barbed wire, and the barricades. There were no servants within, and Mr. Watson Taylor was cordially prepared to stand a siege.

His wife was in the greatest distress, for there was nowhere at hand to take refuge.

On hearing what had happened, the earl, acting in his capacity of trustee for the lady, went to remonstrate with Mr. Watson Taylor at the latter's club.

"At the club," said the earl, who was called as a witness, "I began to discuss the matter with him. All the members of the family were anxious that a reconciliation should be brought about."

"But I had hardly begun to refer to the question when Mr. Watson Taylor interrupted. He said, 'Had I known you wished to speak to me about a reconciliation I should not have spoken to you.'"

### The Peer and the Porter.

A rebuff even more abrupt met the earl when, persisting in his task, he essayed to renew the interview at Kingston Hill Place.

The lodge gate was padlocked, and from behind the barbed wire a lodgekeeper surly said that "By master's orders, no one was to be admitted."

"I am trustee for Mrs. Watson Taylor, and I am entitled to admission," the earl retorted. He ordered his groom to break the lock.

Telling this story in the witness-box, his lordship added:—"I then drove in. The lodgekeeper threatened to throw me out, but he did not do so."

The Court laughed heartily as it pictured the discomfiture of the lodgekeeper.

Having forced an entrance, the earl was again disappointed about obtaining an interview. All he received was a letter, in which Mr. Watson Taylor threatened to take proceedings for trespass.

Mr. Rawlinson: What was your opinion of his conduct?

Lord Warwick: My impression was that Mr. Watson Taylor was a very eccentric man. (Laughter.)

It was stated that during the siege food for the garrison was passed through the railings of the park that surrounds Kingston Hill Place.

Mr. Justice Deane pronounced a decree of separation, holding that legal "desertion" had been proved.

## TROUBLED BY CONSCIENCE.

While paying his addresses to Miss Sheppard, a nurse in the service of Mrs. Catherine Walker, 35, Matheson-road, West Kensington, a Cingalese named John Slaindon, who was remanded yesterday, stole £70 worth of jewellery belonging to her mistress.

He confessed, on being arrested, saying, "I want to make a clean breast of it, as I have had a terrible life."

# PROBLEM FOR A WIFE.

Woman Left for Sixteen Years in Doubt  
as to Marrying Again.

A little woman walked into Mr. Plowden's court yesterday and wanted to know if she could marry again after sixteen years.

"Sixteen years of what? Singleness or widowhood or what?" inquired Mr. Plowden.

"Well, I don't know what I am. I have been married, but I don't know whether my husband is dead or alive, and I haven't seen or heard of him for sixteen years."

"And you want to marry again?"—"Yes, sir."

"Very badly?"—"Well, I suppose so. I want to know whether I can call myself single or married or widow or what—that's my difficulty."

"What do you want to call yourself—a bride, eh? No, I cannot take the responsibility of advising you. You never know when these long-lost husbands turn up."

The applicant seemed satisfied, and left the court smiling.

## UNLUCKY WEDDING.

Worried Man Who Married a "Widow"  
Whose Husband Reappeared.

Mrs. Keeler, who applied to the West Ham magistrate yesterday for advice relative to the disappearance of her husband, told a remarkable story of domestic muddle.

Her husband had been married to a woman he believed was a widow. But one day the "widow's" husband turned up, the lady acknowledged him to be her rightful lord, and Keeler left her.

Then Keeler had married the applicant, whose relatives, however, continually accused him of "bigamy."

Worried by this, and by the fact that he was out of work, he went to Portsmouth a few weeks ago. He had written to her once from that place, saying he was proceeding to Tilbury. But now he could not be traced, although the police had been informed.

The affair was referred to the court missionary, and some money was given to the woman.

## ADMIRAL NEBOGATOFF,



Commander of the Third Baltic Squadron, which has passed Singapore on its way to join Admiral Rojestrensky's fleet.

## BED IN THE GARDEN.

New Lodgers Decline an Obliging Offer from  
Their Landlord.

When Mr. Robert Bennett offered to bring the bed of Mr. and Mrs. Dew, his new lodgers, down into the front garden, presumably that they might spend the night there, they declined.

He would not let them enter the house because, he alleged, Mrs. Dew was drunk, and the unhappy pair spent many hours in the streets.

At the Clerkenwell County Court Mr. Dew asked for £50 damages yesterday, but witnesses said they had seen Mrs. Dew in a state of helpless intoxication, and the jury gave a verdict for the defendant.

## SUICIDE BEFORE DISGRACE.

Among the prisoners who should have appeared before Mr. Plowden at Marylebone was Thomas Bryant, aged fifty-four, living at Acton Green, who was charged with being drunk while in charge of a horse and cart.

When the case was called, Inspector Rogers said since the accused was released on bail "he had committed suicide by hanging himself at his house."

Mr. Plowden marked his register "Reported dead."

# SINS OF ALCOHOL.

M.P. Who Thinks We Ought  
Take Drinks with System.

## DOCTORS' OPINIONS.

It was a curious coincidence that so soon after the wholesale condemnation of alcohol by Sir Frederick Treves the House of Commons yesterday should have been engaged in a discussion of the Liquor Traffic Local Veto (Scotland) Bill.

Sir Lewis M'Leay referred to some interesting comments of Dr. Farquharson, a venerable Radical medico, who sits for West Aberdeenshire, upon the subject of temperance, and whose name appears on the back of the Bill.

"The hon. gentleman is away ill, a reason," he said, "we all regret, but the House will judge of his fitness to support the measure when I tell them the views held by the hon. member with regard to alcohol."

"He has said that the use of alcohol is sanctioned both by theological and common-sense arguments, and that wine has a revivifying effect upon the red corpuscles of the blood; that even the pop of a champagne cork is exhilarating; that old people are all the better for a good 'niguncap' before they go to bed; and that we ought to take our drinks systematically."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson bowed his venerable head.

### A Biting Remark.

"As a temperance reformer," added Sir Lewis, "I will not go so far as that, but what must we think of an hon. member who holds such views supporting a Bill which deprives the poor of what he would allow for the rich?"

An interesting feature of the sitting was an excellent speech in support of the Bill by Mr. Leif Jones, the Liberal member who was recently returned for the Appleby Division of Westmorland, in succession to Mr. Richard Bigg, who has joined the Conservative Party.

A curious story was told by the elderly Scotch Unionist, Sir Mark Stewart.

"I was called to a village public-house," he said, "with the full intention of pulling it down, but moving it, but I found that there was great opposition to it."

"So to test the local feeling I started a plebiscite of the inhabitants, including the women, and I found there was an overwhelming majority against the removal of the public-house, including a large vote of the women."

A humorous narrative was given by Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

A Kentucky colonel fell into the Mississippi.

When taken out, placed on the bank and resuscitated, he opened his eyes and asked where he was. He was told he was on the bank.

"Which bank?"

"Texas."

"Oh," he remarked, "that's a prohibition State. Throw me in again!"

On a division the Bill was rejected by 142 to 109.

### Medical Denunciation.

Many medical men agree with Sir Frederick Treves in his denunciation of alcohol.

"You ask me if I consider Sir F. Treves's statement extreme?" said a nerve specialist, consulted by the *Daily Mirror*. "I am obliged to reply that I do not."

Sir Frederick Treves had to speak of the risk of alcohol as a part of the national diet, and he says very truly that it is a poison which ought not to be allowed to enter households on such easy terms as now obtain.

"When used as a medicine it is remarkable that it is the 'old brandy,' from which the alcohol has largely evaporated, that rallies patients in a condition of collapse."

## ATTACK ON THE 39 ARTICLES.

Churchman's Vehement Criticism of the  
Official View of Religion.

Even the Thirty-Nine Articles were not exempt from a vehement attack upon "the unreality of the official view of present day religion" made at Bow Church yesterday morning by the Rev. W. Manning, secretary of the Churchmen's Union.

They were drawn up, he said, by a number of second or third-rate men who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, whose works none looked to as works of authority. The nation expected the Church to progress with the times instead of resting on tradition.

In spite of an almost unanimous protest against the Athanasian Creed, it was still recited. Unreality would exist as long as there continued a system of patronage which was a survival of feudal times.

## PRISON FOR MUNICIPAL OFFICIAL.

Arthur Henry Jones, until recently accounts clerk to the Acton Urban District Council, pleaded guilty at the Central Criminal Court to embezzling the sum of £148 received by him on behalf of the council. He was sent to twelve months' imprisonment in the second division.

Old-Time  
Society.

For the first time in the history of the Society, a great gathering of the members of the Shakespeare Ball in aid of the Old-Time Society took place yesterday in the evening.

Each was to the character of the great dramatist, so that the ballroom before most of them arrived. A great ball-room presented a striking and beautiful spectacle.

Miss Winifred Emery, in a lovely dress of salmon-pink flowered brocade, and a close cap set round with pearls, and intended to represent Anne Hathaway—or Mrs. Shakespeare—but, as it seemed improbable that the poet's wife could have possessed so handsome a dress, Miss Emery decided to describe herself as an Elizabethan lady.

Mrs. George Alexander, also un-Shakespearean, came in a Directoire dress, with powdered hair, and a black three-cornered hat.

Falstaff was there in the person of Lieut.-Colonel Le Mesurier; Petruchio, Mr. Oscar Ascher; Katherine, Miss Lily Brayton; Benedick, Mr. Aubrey Smith; the Queen in "Hamlet," Mrs. Tree, and a host of others.

Miss Ellen Terry was too tired to take her place in the first sets of Lancers she had arranged. These included Miss Marion Terry, Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Cyril Maule, and Miss Ailsa Craig.

Among the throng in the ball-room several members of the Japanese Embassy were to be seen, as well as one of the Siamese Princes and many leaders of society.

## "TAKEN MY HUSBAND."

Wife's Passionate and Fearful Defence to a  
Charge of Assault.

A passionate defence was made at Westminster Police Court by Ada May Solomon, of Lupus-street, Pimlico, who was summoned for assaulting Any Denton last month.

Mrs. Solomon is separated from her husband, and since the separation she has, according to counsel, annoyed Miss Denton, who is a music-hall artist.

The offence for which Mrs. Solomon was brought before the Court was that of striking Miss Denton with an umbrella.

Mrs. Solomon, in tears, said: "I am not defended. I have no money. My husband has spent all the money upon this woman. It was under great provocation I did this."

"She has been so cruel. She has taken my husband and my child, and had two children by Mr. Solomon. I assisted her once, and this is the return I get for it."

"You ought to read some of these letters she has written to my husband."

Mrs. Solomon promised not to repeat the offence, and the magistrate thereupon ordered her to enter into her recognisances in £20 to come up for judgment if called upon.

## "PAYING GUESTS."

Judge Wants To Know What Distinguishes  
Them from Lodgers.

Yesterday, during the hearing of a case at Kingston-on-Thames County Court, the plaintiff, a woman, in the course of her evidence, mentioned that she had earned money by receiving paying guests at her house.

The Judge (Hon. A. Russell): Who invented the term paying guest? Is not a lodger the same as a paying guest?

Plaintiff: I suppose it is in a way, your Honour. The Judge: What is the difference between a paying guest and a lodger?

Plaintiff: Paying guests dine with us, and do not have separate arrangements. They simply sit down at the table in the usual way.

The Judge: Why do you call them paying guests?

Plaintiff: Because it sounds nicer, your Honour. (Laughter.)

## FINES NO CHECK ON "ROAD-HOGS."

Prison is becoming the only remedy for reckless motor-car driving, said the Wood Green magistrate yesterday, inflicting a fine of £5 and costs, on Frederick Knighton.

Defendant offered to give his car to the constable if it could travel at the rate the latter alleged.

## OBJECTED TO FORMALITY.

"I don't know why you should want me to rise when I am called to the Court," protested a juror at St. Giles's Coroner's Court yesterday, as Mr. Schroeder, the deputy-coroner, entered.

The constable commanded the juror to follow the usual custom; and Mr. Schroeder remarked soothingly: "It is my direction. You see, I am the coroner."

The juror reluctantly obeyed.



## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Gentlemen  
Good Bo  
FRY AND W  
ON OUT

By F. C. L. JONSON.

(Last year's Chief Judge Captain.)

The Gentlemen's batting at the Crystal Palace yesterday was distinctly disappointing, as, beyond several of the Gentlemen's side being short of practice, there was no valid excuse for their meagre total.

The wicket remained slow and easy, although the ball sometimes came rather unexpectedly fast off the pitch. The English innings opened very inauspiciously, Warner being run out for a "moon," through a misunderstanding with Dr. Grace. The "old man" himself was unlucky to cock one up from Cotter, two wickets falling for ten runs.

"W. G." probably, however, had not quite recovered from the effect of a smash in the ribs from Cotter, the ball swerving in the air towards him and being most difficult to follow.

Beldam was next out at twenty, and things looked blue for the Gentlemen. Fry, however, played like a book from the start of his innings, and looked like putting the side into a good position. Followed, amid a groan of disappointment, a very bad run-out, Poidevin hesitating and changing his mind, Fry being somewhat stupidly run out.

MacLaren Bowled.

MacLaren whipped in, but although he was lucky enough to have a life at the wicket, he was defeated by a snorter from Hopkins, which broke in sharply from the off, and "squatted" abominably: it was a real "subterranean," and might have bowled any man in the world.

Jessop played "doggo," the game being in too critical a condition to have a belt. With Lawton he saved the side till lunch, both playing a very sound game, varied with a few fine hits.

The second ball after the interval, however, "the Master" lashed out at one from Cotter, and had to go, being easily "boxed" by Darling at cover. Followed Odell, who was soon "blown out" by a peach from Cotter, another beauty that kept low and disturbed the middle peg.

Followed Robson, only to be quickly hobbled by the fast bowler, who beat him in the pace of the ball, and found his way into the "timber-yard." Brearley and Lawton put up a good stand for the last wicket before the former was smartly snapped at the wicket by Kelly.

Lawton Bats Grandly.

Lawton played an absolute gold-centre innings, showing a fine defence, and putting a lot of powder behind the ball when he opened his shoulders to hit.

The Australian fielding, as usual, was a treat to watch, the ground-fielding and throwing being "top-hole." Of the bowlers, Cotter and Armstrong were the most successful, Armstrong taking three for 48 and Cotter four for 47. The latter seemed quite fast in the air, but it was impossible to judge of his nip off the pitch owing to the deadness of the wicket. He can, however, sling them in faster than he did yesterday.

In the Australians' second innings Trumper and Duff were again faced by Brearley and Beldam. The latter, who had the wind in the right quarter for swerving, rather stuck up both batsmen, Trumper especially being somewhat at sea. Brearley was a trifle off his length, owing to stiffness, as he had a rather severe time on Thursday, and in three overs 14 were on the board.

Then Trumper slashed at a "boomerang" from Beldam, and the ball, swerving in, beat the bat and hit the wicket. Followed Clem Hill, who was also lucky at the beginning of his innings, nearly playing one back on to the wicket, and being beaten by another in the same over. The ball was so close that McLaren, at slip, threw up

(Continued on page 14.)

"The Overseas Daily Mail" contains all the home news of the week, and brings Britons abroad into the closest touch with the Mother-country. After July 1st it will be printed on stouter paper, and specially prepared wrapper used. Annual subscriptions posted after above date will be 8s., those forwarded at once will be accepted for 5s. This will ensure a copy being sent weekly for one year to any postal address.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," Carmelite House, E.C. Specimen copy forwarded on application.

Six lads charged with theft at Bolton were offered 5s. each by the magistrate if they would attend Sunday school regularly for three months.

Barrow Workhouse is overcrowded. On one night this week 185 males were sleeping on the premises; yet there were only beds for seventy-five.

Within the last few days the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has stationed at Fynemouth its first motor-lifeboat for use on that dangerous part of the coast.

Acting under medical advice, Sir Ernest Spencer will not contest West Bromwich at the next election. The Unionist Party have therefore decided to approach Viscount Lewisham.

Large sums of money are spent every year in advertising seaside resorts. The charms of Scarborough are dwelt upon this season in 30,000 booklets, which the corporation have issued.

Excavations at Lancaster have led to the discovery of what appears to be the capital of a large moulded column of the early English period. It is supposed to be a relic of the old priory of St. Mary's, Lancaster.

"He used to go as far as the mill gates, and then turn back and go to bed again," said a young Rochdale woman of her husband, from whom she obtained a separation order. Defendant said he had had eyesight. This the wife denied, adding: "If he can see to time pigeons he can see to work."

Noticing in the *Daily Mirror* that a wheat crop in Bedfordshire is already 14ft. high, a Stow Maries (Essex) correspondent writes that wheat in that village has grown 24ft.

Regularly each day for some time past a white blackbird has been seen in the Sophia Gardens, Cardiff.

Over 26,000 was realised by a sale of orchids at Bank House, Accrington, belonging to Mr. Briggs, Bury. Prices ranged from a few shillings to 200 guineas.

So impressed were the War Office authorities with the success of the Welsh Regiment in marching through the Principality that regimental recruiting for the Army is likely to be restored.

Lord Pretoria Buller Routeledge was the remarkable name of the five-year-old son of a Longridge quarryman, who died in Preston infirmary from the effects of a fall.

From schoolmaster and property-owner to pauper. This was the record of William Jackson, sixty-five, an inmate of Hayfield Workhouse, over whom the grave has just closed at New Mills. Drink had proved his ruin.

During the progress of a dinner-party at a house in Birkdale, Lancs., a man clad in overalls walked downstairs and told the servants to inform the master that the taps were all right. A gold watch and other articles were missed after he had gone.

## FIRE-EATING ADMIRAL'S THREATS TO GERMANY.



Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald, whose sensational article in the "Deutsche Revue" is regarded by the Germans as a direct threat of war by the British Admiralty.

Despite the recent showery weather the Leicester Corporation reservoirs show a deficiency of 575,000,000 gallons of water.

Chester was visited yesterday by the French delegates, who are studying various systems of scientific sewage purification in this country.

Appealed to by nearly the whole of the residents of the hamlet of Ditrcar, near Wakefield, the postal authorities have changed the spelling of the name of the place to Durkar.

Inmates of St. Asaph (Flint) Workhouse possess a pony and phaeton, a piano, also a library of over 600 volumes, all provided by generously-disposed persons living in the district.

Near the Morlais Castle Farm, Dowlais, a pair of blackbirds have built themselves a nest on the teeth of a hay-rake which reclines against the wall of a shed. Four eggs are being hatched by the birds.

Penny glasses of beer have become popular in Birmingham since one or two publicans obtained permission from their brewers to sell them. Now there is a fight to see who can give the most liquor for the penny.

All that the Northumberland County Council had to do at its quarterly meeting was to sign the minutes of the last gathering. This took about a minute, and the Duke of Northumberland, who presided, said he was sorry for the inconvenience caused members by having to attend, but it was the only way open to them.

George Ridout, hairdresser, of Hove, was fined £100 and costs yesterday for using his shop for betting purposes. His son was mulcted in £25 and costs for assisting in the business.

"My husband is not fond of work, and has not been for the past fourteen years," said a woman at Clitheroe, whose spouse had turned her out of doors without a vestige of clothing on.

June 29 was fixed yesterday by the Prince of Wales as the date for laying the foundation stone of Cardiff University College. On June 30 his Royal Highness receives the freedom of the borough.

New York's exodus for the London season will be greater than ever this year. All cabins have been booked unusually early, and steamship agents further report that the business in Transatlantic passages exceeds the record year by one-fourth.

Mr. Nathaniel Dumville is shortly to retire from the position of leading tenor in the Manchester Cathedral choir, where his voice has been heard for considerably more than forty years. He is spoken of as one of the heroes of musical Manchester.

In order that they may study the more successful methods of Danish agriculturists, two practical farmers from the Nidderdale and Ripon districts have been asked to visit Denmark. A member of the West Riding County Council has suggested, and generously promises to bear part expenses,

## ITALIAN MURDER DRAMA.

Photograph of the Scene in Court During the Bonmartini Trial.

## OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the photograph reproduced on pages 8 and 9 one of the most dramatic situations in a murder trial that has thrilled Italy and the whole world is shown. It is nearly three years since Count Bonmartini was murdered in Bologna, but the trial of those accused of complicity in his death is still engaging the attention of the Italian lawyers and people.

It may be said that the Italian law moves slowly, but the case is so complicated, the various stories told so terrible, that the delay is to some extent comprehensible. The correspondence relating to two of the accused fills thirty-seven large volumes.

Count Bonmartini belonged to the highest society in Bologna. He was married to the daughter of Professor Murri, of Bologna University, but it was well known that the husband's mode of life had entirely estranged him from his wife, who was very miserable.

On August 27, 1902, the Count drove to his flat in Bologna, and a few days later, when the door was burst open, he was found there dead with his throat cut. At first it was thought that robbery had been the motive, but while the police were investigating the case, Tullio Murri, the brother of the Countess, gave himself up to the police, saying he had killed the Count in quarrel about the ill-treatment of the Countess Linda.

## SENSATION ON SENSATION.

Then came sensation on sensation. First, a young doctor named Naldi, then a girl named Bonetti, who had been Tullio Murri's mistress and the maid of Countess Linda, were arrested for complicity in the murder. Then the Countess Bonmartini herself was arrested, and afterwards Professor Secchi, an elderly man, who was found to be her lover. The professor was accused of having supplied the Countess with poison, and that method of killing her husband being found impracticable it was alleged that the stabbing by Tullio was an after-thought.

For a long time the trial was delayed, while the lawyers argued as to whether the little children of the Count and Countess should be allowed to give evidence. Many other people gave evidence, and from day to day the Court witnessed dramatic scenes similar to that shown in our photograph where, while the other prisoners are in the peculiar cage reserved for the accused in the Turin court, the Countess, in reply to the Judges, vehemently protests her innocence.

## LONG-LOST PORTRAIT OF THE IRON DUKE.

Goya, the great Spanish artist, is known to have painted two portraits of the Duke of Wellington. One of them is in possession of the Duke's family. Where is the other? Mr. Arthur Herbert, who is a King's messenger, has, during his travels in Spain, come across what is unmistakably a portrait of the Iron Duke, and he believes it to be the missing picture by Goya. If so, it would be worth thousands of pounds, quite apart from its sentimental value to the British nation.

By the courtesy of Mr. Herbert we are enabled to give on page 8 a reproduction of the portrait from a photograph taken by him. This has never before been published, and is, so far as Mr. Herbert is aware, the only photograph in existence.

"I am not," said Mr. Herbert to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "an expert art critic, but I believe the picture to be a genuine Goya. The owner of it—a private gentleman—assured me that it was given to his grandfather (who was a member of the Duke's Spanish Staff) by the Duke himself, and had never left his possession. When I saw it last he was prepared to sell it for a comparatively small sum."

"My sole interest in the matter," continued Mr. Herbert, "is to see the picture acquired by the British nation. I am prepared to place every means in my possession of testing the authenticity of the portrait in the hands of anyone who will undertake to purchase it for the nation on proof of its genuineness. Unless I get such an undertaking, I shall not speak."

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## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1905

## WHERE DO WE STAND?

SIR FREDERICK TREVES is a most distinguished surgeon. He is reckoned a man of science, as well as an adept with the knife. He is also given credit for possessing plenty of common sense. When Sir Frederick Treves tells us that alcohol is "distinctly a poison" it is time to ask: "From the medical point of view, where do we stand?"

What the ancients drank we hardly know. That they got drunk is certain. How their fermented liquors looked and tasted is largely matter for guessing. However, we know they took alcohol.

For hundreds of years the world has been drinking what we know as wine and beer, and for a good many generations the spirits we call brandy and whisky have been consumed as customary articles of diet. At least eight out of every ten men, and seven out of every ten women, we know, are accustomed to drink wine, beer, or spirits with their meals, perhaps not regularly, but, at all events, more often than not.

Now Sir Frederick Treves asks us to believe that these people are poisoning themselves steadily all the time.

What do other doctors say? Are they in agreement with this famous surgeon? The question answers itself. Is there anyone reading these lines who has not at some time or another been advised by a doctor to take "a little stimulant?"

A woman gets run down. "Take a glass or two of Burgundy" is nearly always one of the physician's prescriptions. A man's digestion will not work. "Whisky and soda or a small bottle of good claret will give tone to the stomach and help the digestive process," says the doctor. As for brandy and champagne, they are the invariable specifics in cases of great weakness.

Now Sir Frederick Treves wants to persuade us that all doctors who offer such suggestions are poisoning their patients.

If we could be convinced that alcohol is really a poison in the ordinary sense of the term; that its effects on the whole are bad, and not good; then there are hundreds of thousands of us who would give it up to-morrow—to-day even.

But can we be convinced of it upon Sir Frederick Treves's word alone, when there are any number of other doctors in this and other countries who are constantly advising us to take alcohol in order to improve our health?

## NO MORE NIAGARA.

Those who have not been to Niagara, and who want to see the famous Falls, must be quick about it. The Niagara Grab Bill, as they call it in America, has been passed by the Upper House of the New York State Legislature, and the promoters hope soon to be using the water for commercial purposes instead of "letting it run to waste" any longer.

Respectable Americans are feeling very bad about the passage of this Bill. Not only do they regret the get-rich-quick-at-any-price spirit which would ruthlessly destroy one of Nature's marvels for the sake of making money out of it. They are also indignant at the open bribery which has got the measure through.

Legislators have been corrupted right and left by the company which wants to get hold of the Falls. Everybody knows it. They are shameless enough not to care. The only way to prevent this "£40,000,000 steal" from the public, as one New York paper calls it, would have been to go one better than the company and offer them higher bribes.

The incident is lamentable from every point of view. It illustrates, in the ugliest way possible, the degradation of politics, the lack of public spirit, and the besotted commercialism which prevails in a great many of the United States.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Time is the mercy of eternity.—William Blake.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD MARCUS BERESFORD, the Master of the Royal Racing Stud, who has just offered Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P. for Newmarket, £300,000 for the famous stallion Cyllene, has always, ever since boyhood, been devoted to racing. His extraordinary knowledge of horseflesh, indeed, marked him out as the "right man in the right place" when he was chosen to take charge of the King's stud. Like his brother, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Marcus has always had a taste for practical joking. Perhaps the most authentic of the stories about the mad-pranks of his young days is the one about the bonfire he made at the Naval and Military Club.

The club had recently been provided with a set of those peculiar-looking glass bottles which are supposed to put out fires in a few seconds. Some of the very youthful members determined to test these instruments, so they collected all the newspapers from the reading-room, placed them in a heap in the courtyard, which faces Piccadilly, and set them on fire. The bottles were then thrown on to the blaze, and meanwhile, standing on a kind of pedestal, Lord Marcus improvised an oration for the benefit of the crowd which had collected in the street.

His many friends and admirers in England will be glad to see Sir George White home from Gib-

ing of the battle the sentry came to him and told him that a Russian column was advancing towards the hill. He had but a handful of men against hundreds. Rowlands nevertheless ordered the men of his picket to fire, and the Russian battalions, thus suddenly alarmed, turned and retreated!

Mr. Gervase Beckett, who has announced his intention of contesting Whitchy, the seat which his brother, Mr. E. W. Beckett, the new Lord Grimthorpe, has held ever since 1885, is, like his elder, by no means exclusively given to politics and business. He goes out into society a great deal, and is fond of music, painting, Bohemians, and the amusing side of life. He is married to a daughter of the late Lord Helmsham, an extremely pretty woman, and so kind-hearted as to deserve the nickname of "perfect saint" which her friends have given her.

Lady Durning-Lawrence's first party of the season went off very successfully last night. The handsome house in Carlton House-terrace was quite crowded, mainly with political friends. Lady Durning-Lawrence is the daughter of a former member of Parliament for Stockport, and has passed most of her life in a more or less political atmosphere. Her husband, when they married, was plain Mr. Edwin Lawrence, and took his actual

## THE REAL JOHN BULL AND HERR SCHMIDT.



While a fiery British Admiral and the German Press carry on a fierce war of words, Britain and Germany look on undisturbed and smoke their pipes. They know better than to attach undue importance to such pigmy conflicts.

ralter for a short while, during which his advice is to be taken on the Indian Army trouble. He is looking more robust and soldierly than ever; and, as a matter of fact, broken legs, broken arms, and I might almost add broken necks, are ranked as minor ailments by him. Before the Boer war began he was having a talk with Lord Wolseley about possible appointments. Lord Wolseley happened to remark that Sir George's lameness would probably keep him at home. "I beg your pardon, sir," was the reply; "my leg is well enough for anything except running away."

Sir George White has really a constitution which seems almost invulnerable. On another occasion he was told by a friend that a certain distinguished general had had a bad fall. "I doubt," said the friend, "whether he will ever be able to ride again, for he has broken his leg in six places." "Six places," said Sir George optimistically, "that's nothing. I once broke mine in seven places, and I don't look as if I were any the worse for it, do I?" And the friend was obliged to confess that he did not.

This morning I must offer congratulations to gallant General Sir Hugh Rowlands, V.C., who celebrates his seventy-sixth birthday to-day. He won his Victoria Cross by his splendid conduct at the battle of Inkerman. He was then Captain Rowlands, and was in command of a picket stationed in advance on an isolated hill. On the morn-

"double-barrelled" name when he was created a baronet in 1880. It was long before he secured a seat in Parliament, and he had to go like a forlorn knight and be defeated at three places before he was chosen to represent Truro. One of the people who defeated him was Jabez Balfour!

The death of his eldest son, Lord Trafalgar, will, I am afraid, be a severe blow to Lord Nelson, who is now nearly eighty-three years old. He has long lived in retirement, though he is still active enough, and still has many devoted friends. On his birthday a year or two ago they sent him a large bouquet with this witty message attached to it: "England expects every man to do his duty. It is your duty to live to be a centenarian." Lord Nelson is, I believe, the only peer who has held his title in three reigns.

He came into it when he was a twelve-year-old Eton boy and William the Fourth was on the throne. Then he lived right through Queen Victoria's reign, and saw the coronation of her son. So long has the title belonged to him, indeed, that in the minds of very old people he is sometimes confused with his immortal great-uncle, the hero of Trafalgar. He was on a visit to a little Welsh town some years ago, and an aged lady there went to the church with the intention of seeing him. "How will you know it is Lord Nelson?" they asked her. "Oh, easily," she replied, "because he's only got one arm."

CONSO!  
ing visit of the  
I suggest the  
of that  
The Queen's  
Lancashire  
the Great Duke,  
Spain in the Penin-  
sary of their ser-  
Spanish colours as a  
girdle.  
The public hon-  
Monarch by the na-  
crimson and orange  
G. C. OTWAY.

## "STAGE ENGLISH."

Your correspondent, "New Zealander," wishes to know the reason of the short pronunciation by actors and actresses of the word "My."

Such reason is, I think, that the short form is the correct one. It would seem that our actors are not such ignorant people as—others.

J. B. HERBERT.  
4, Harold-street, Epsom, Surrey.

## MARY JANE AS A WIFE.

I think "Toma Curate" is quite wrong about married servants never being wanted. My wife tells me they frequently go out to help and are very useful.

Even if they could not, I still feel sure their ability to do everything about the house must make them better wives than young women who have been in offices or factories. COUNTRY VICAR.

Do not domestic servants make rather extravagant wives? In service they learn to throw away food which would often feed a poor man's family very well.

I think that working men would do well to choose wives who have been accustomed to save every penny and understand from experience how to make both ends meet. E. J. C.

## THE ALTERED CALENDAR.

Don't upbraid the weather. It is not to blame. If only we called the right things by the right names grumbles would cease.

The robbery by scientists of nearly a fortnight has simply dislocated the seasons. Christmas often enough is muggy, whereas, if replaced in what we now term the first week in January, it would again become old-fashioned.

They manage these things better in Russia, where April is April and May Day occurs in May. With us April simply masquerades in the guise of May. COMPTON READE.

Kenchester, Hereford.

## IS HOME WORK BAD FOR CHILDREN?

If teachers knew half the trouble and worry which it caused to parents, and also the loss (not gain) physically and mentally to the children they would not be so ready to give home lessons.

The children want recreation as well as the teachers. I am the father of nine, so do not speak without my book. O. A. HYDE.  
Bedford.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## Admiral Fitzgerald.

VICE-ADMIRAL CHARLES COOPER PENROSE Fitzgerald is unlikely upon the retired list, so he is beyond the reach of official reprimand or punishment for his extraordinary attack on Germany in the "Deutsche Revue."

He has only one excuse. He is an inflammable Irishman, very given to tilting at windmills, and a typical fire-eater.

Born sixty-four years ago, he has seen plenty of service and given those fire-eating qualities their due scope. During the Crimea he served in the Baltic, and in the subsequent operations in China. Next he saw active service in the Egyptian campaign of 1882. After that he became captain of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich.

He has managed to find time to write two excellent books, one on boat sailing, for he is strongly inclined to the idea of knocking about in a small boat about under canvas, and a life of Sir George Tryon. He is popular in the service, especially with the junior ranks, to whom his Irish irresponsibility appeals very strongly.

In personal appearance he is somewhat reminiscent of Admiral Rejzstevsky, the latter being heightened by the fact that he cuts his beard in a similar fashion. His eyes are his most remarkable feature. They are the eyes of a man of strong opinions, of a fanatic almost, of a man who is not likely to repress his thoughts.

## IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 5.—Finer weather has come, but plant growth is still retarded by north winds. Seedlings growing out of doors are very backward, owing to April's sunless days.

A few hardy annuals should now be sown for blooming in August and September. Sow some oyster lilies (or clumps) of crocuses and snowdrops. The foliage of the bulbs will soon die down. Virginian stock, sweet alyssum, dwarf nasturtiums would do well for this purpose.

Roses must be carefully looked over at this season for their green enemy the green fly (aphis) will soon be appearing. E. F. J.

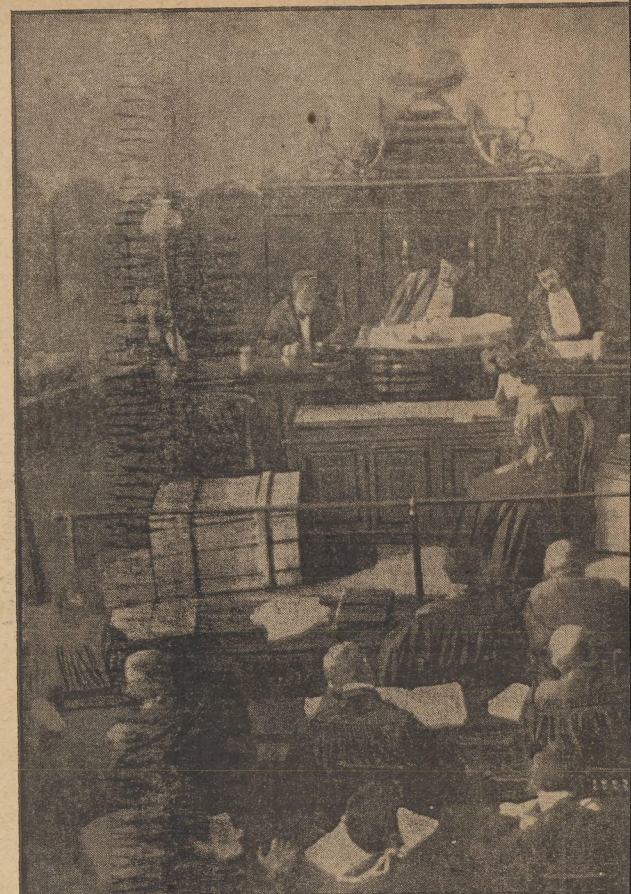


# HARBOUR IS CLOSED.



To test the boom defences of Portsmouth Harbour the Admiralty proposed to close the port for twelve hours. This photograph shows the entrance to the harbour and the chain which, hauled up by machinery in the famous Round Tower (on the left of the photograph), blocks the entrance.

# THE BONMARTINI MURDER TRIAL—JULY



A dramatic moment in the Bonmartini murder trial, which all Italy is watching with being questioned by the Judges. She has just been taken from the cage on the right is reproduced from an actual photograph taken.

## RECONSTRUCTED COLLEGE.



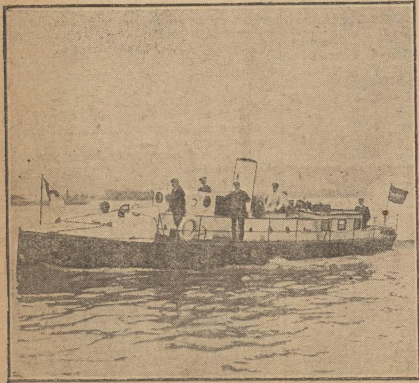
The Queen's Divinity College, Birmingham, which has been reconstructed at a cost of £22,000. Mr. Chamberlain will be the chief speaker at to-day's opening ceremony.

## DUKE'S LONG-LOST PORTRAIT.



This portrait of the Duke of Wellington, believed to have been painted by the famous Spanish artist, Goya, has just been discovered in Spain after being lost for many years.

## GOVERNMENT WATCH NEW MOTOR-BOAT.



The new motor-boat built by Thornycrofts for the Swedish Government taking her trial trip on the Thames. This vessel, which is designed for harbour duty, has a Government official on board, and is watched night and day lest she should be taken to Russia.

## TO NAME A WARSHIP.



Miss Gladys Bryant Smith, of St. Louis, U.S.A., who has been specially selected to christen the new American armoured cruiser St. Louis.

## FIRST "CENTURION."



Denton, of Yorkshire, the first cricketer to make a century in county cricket this year.—(Hawkins.)

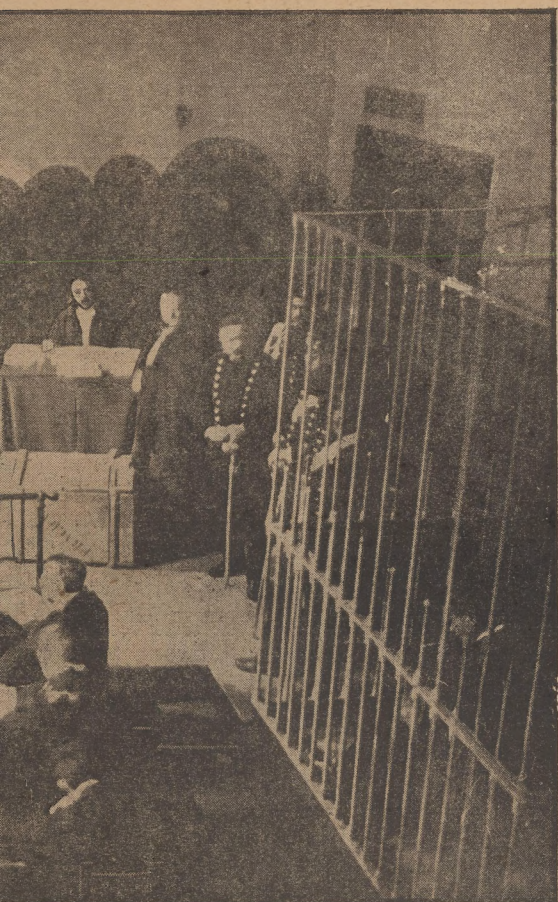
## KING EDWARD LANDING



Home once more. The King walking ashore at him across the



# EXAMINING ACCUSED COUNTESS.



attention. The Countess Linda, wife of the murdered man, sits at the bar, photograph, in which the prisoners sit while the case is being heard. This picture is from the *Daily Mirror* by permission of the judges.

## OVER AFTER HIS TOUR.



the turbine steamer *Onward*, which brought the first mail to Calais.

PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

## AUSTRALIAN BOWLER.



A. Coffey, the new Australian bowler. The photograph of another Australian cricketer will appear in Monday's *Daily Mirror*.

# COUNTESS FABBRICOTTI



The Countess Fabbriotti in the milliner's shop which she recently opened in South Molton-street, W. That her popularity has not been diminished by her selling hats is proved by the fact that nearly all the leaders of society will be present at an "at home" which Countess Fabbriotti will give in this shop on Monday afternoon.

## £30,000 OFFERED FOR A HORSE.



For this horse, Cyllene, Lord Marcus Beresford is reported to have offered £30,000 to Mr. C. D. Rose, the member for Newmarket. Lord Marcus Beresford is the manager of the King's racing stable, and it is believed the offer is connected with his Majesty's desire to introduce fresh blood among his stock. The offer is said to have been refused, but the matter is still open to negotiation.

## QUICKEST COMEDIAN.



William Collier, the American comedian, who has met with such success in "The Dictator" at the Comedy Theatre, is known in America as the quickest comedian on earth.

## NORTH SEA TRAWLER ON LAND.



This full-sized model of a North Sea trawler is one of the attractions at the Naval and Fisheries Exhibition at Earl's Court, which will be opened by the Lord Mayor to-day.



## STORY. SQUERADE.

DOUGLAS ALEXANDER.

"The London," declared the girl, "is not to his few intimates as a Raymont, but to the greater world as a Raymont."

"It is," he said, "found," agreed Herbert Paige, the manager. "As a matter of fact, she is only one actress in the whole town who could play Sabrina with any satisfaction to yourself or the public. Emma Agnes Lane."

"Ah, yes, I've never seen her. What is she doing now? Is she quite unobtainable?"

"Absolutely. She means to go into management for herself."

"H'm! I'm afraid the play will have to be shelved."

But when looked gloomily at the prospect. Their great difficulty was to find an actress to fill the part of Sabrina, a complex character which would make heavy demands upon the powers of any actress.

"It would have suited Agnes Lane admirably," as Paige suggested. She was a new "star," and in a part suggested like the one she played in the play she had made a great hit, which had placed her at a step amongst the foremost English actresses.

"The critics say: unrecognised talent is to be found in the country. Suppose we look there for what we require?"

The proposal came from Paige.

"No good," answered the manager. "We might see dozens of plays and perhaps the very actress we want would be hidden in one of them with a three-line part."

One morning, however, he himself received a letter from a man whose judgment he could trust. The writer lived out of London, and his play-going days in the metropolis were long over. But he still patronised the travelling dramatic companies which visited his town, and in one of these, the Marston Mersey Repertoire Company, he claimed to have discovered a really gifted actress.

"She is called Beatrice Clare, and I want you to see her," he wrote. "She has the makings of a fine artist in her. I firmly believe."

Deane had been disappointed so often of late that it was with no very sanguine feeling that he undertook this journey to one of the smaller towns in Yorkshire where his friend lived.

Together they visited the local theatre, expecting to see Miss Clare in "The Lady of Lyons." As all fate would have it, she was indisposed, and the part was played by the manager's wife, whose services Deane felt no inclination to secure.

But the next night better fortune was theirs. "Romeo and Juliet" filled the bill, and at the first sight of Beatrice Clare Deane was impressed favourably. Before the end of the first act the spell was complete.

She acted with a passion and an inspiration which kindled the half-faded house into warmest enthusiasm. Her performance glowed with the flame of genius.

"I shall introduce you to Mersey by your real name," said Coleman, as they went round at the end of the play to the stage door. "If he knew you were 'Raymond Field,' he'd let it out to Miss

Clare, and make her nervous and over-anxious on other nights."

Deane was presented to Miss Clare, and tried to make small talk with her in the green-room.

But Beatrice Clare had little to say, and quickly found an opportunity of departing.

The dramatist's keen eye had taken in every detail of her appearance. She was dressed very soberly in black that was a little shabby, yet with the touch of white in it she suggested to his artistic perception a Whistler symphony.

The next night and every night of that week and the week after, for the Mersey Company was playing a fortnight in the town, Deane found an excuse for going round in the back of the theatre after each performance.

He saw Beatrice Clare in a wide range of parts, and in each of them her acting served to strengthen his first favourable opinion.

At night, before the footlights, she was a divine creature; and Deane found a strange attraction, not only in her splendid gifts, but in the real woman as well.

"Seems to me, Mersey," remarked the juvenile lead to his manager, "that we've got an unattached member to this company."

"He's all right," returned Mersey, shortly.

"He pays for his seat every night."

Deane had succeeded in breaking down the reserve behind which Miss Clare hedged herself from the pressing attentions of the juvenile lead and others. But while they had long talks together, their conversation was entirely of impersonal matters. Each was reticent about the past.

At length the end of the fortnight was reached, and he realised that it was time for him to make the offer of Sabrina to Miss Clare. But there was another proposal he wished to make first—one upon the issue of which he felt that the whole happiness of his life depended.

One afternoon he came upon Beatrice Clare alone. It was in the cloisters of the cathedral, and in that calm and holy place, beautiful in gold and grey shadow, he asked her to be his wife.

She looked as he had seen her look when she was playing Juliet, with the very light of her soul shining through her eyes.

"I love you," she said simply. Their lips were dumb, but their hearts were speaking to one another.

"I—I have a confession to make to you. I am not quite the obscure person I have represented myself to be in this company. I am known in London as Agnes Lane."

Deane stared at her in wonder.

"I wish told my object in joining these people under the assumed name," she continued quickly.

"I made my first success, as you know, last year in London. It was my first appearance there. I had been on the stage only two years. Some of the critics found me deficient in stage technique, and I felt they were not unjust. I lacked experience."

"I determined when the season was over to join, under a different name, a travelling company, and the next day my bill was constantly changed, and where I could obtain two months' real hard work. I

knew that it would broaden and give authority to my style. Are you angry with me? Do you think it was wrong?"

"But how was it that you have never been discovered?" he asked in amazement.

"Oh, my face is not so very well known yet. And the most popular portraits of me have been those taken in costume. Anyhow, not a soul has discovered my secret."

Deane's confession felt rather flat after this, but he had to make it, and before they left the cloisters he and Agnes had fixed even the date of their marriage.

Agnes Lane subtlet the theatre of which she was to have become the lessee, and after her honeymoon will appear at Herbert Paige's theatre as Sabrina in her husband's new play. Everyone anticipates a brilliant success.

## "NEW BIRDS FOR THE PARKS."

An Interesting Letter Which Discourages the Introduction of Foreign Species.

We have received the following letter on the idea of introducing wild birds to the London parks, in reply to Mr. Finn's recent article on the subject. As it is from a reader who has had practical experience of the subject he discusses, his opinion is well worth consideration:

"From my own knowledge and experience: I find that the introduction of foreign birds invariably ends in disappointment. Take, for instance, the reintroduction of the great bustard. One-nether sees nor hears of the specimens that were liberated some years ago.

I have liberated specimens of the melodious willow-wren (*Phylloscopus coleridgei*) on several occasions. This was, I thought, the very bird for our parks or gardens. A tame bird, an excellent songster, and mimic of other birds; it would have been very welcome in this country, where it has only occasionally been observed. But I never heard again of the eight pairs I set at liberty in or near London.

### PARIS TO FOLKESTONE.

"My next experiment was with a very pretty species of bunting (*Emberiza cia*); then with the short-toed lark, the *Alauda arvensis*, and the crested lark. All these came from Paris, and were released at Folkestone. I have never heard of my little songsters again, nor even read of their capture; nor, worse still, their having been shot.

"As to the introduction of the Pekin robin (*Leontideus*), I think this pretty creature might be acclimatised, as it is a songster, and one of our country larks would be better than any other Asiatic bird. But I fear London-fogs will even if not kill it—certainly spoil its beautiful plumage.


"Cockatoos, if set free, would soon lose their bright colours owing to the fogs. Besides, it would be well to watch the action of our rooks and crows towards such strangers before setting them free wholesale. To my mind there would be fighting to the bitter end between these two species of powerful birds.

"Storks would do well if they would only stay. Storks are celebrated long-distance travellers. I think that, once having recovered the full use of their wings, we should see them depart by dozens, never to return.

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## LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**LYNDAL MAYBRICK:** A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

**JOE MARVIS:** A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

**SIR TATTON TOWNLEY:** A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

**B. S. VOGEL:** A money bag and the unscrupulous owner of the public favours for the Derby, The Devil.

**DOLORES ST. MERTON:** A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

**ARTHUR MERRICK:** A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

**BILLY:** A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

### YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

Arthur Merrick is to ride the racehorse, King Daffodil, in the Derby, and, though the fact is kept secret, his victory is regarded as certain. The public favourite for the race is The Devil, a horse belonging to Mr. Vogel, who has learned this secret about King Daffodil.

Vogel has in his power a Mrs. Hilary, a fascinating society woman, whose drunken husband he is keeping broad. She is in love with Merrick, and he with her, and Vogel hopes to force her to use her power with her lover to prevent King Daffodil from winning.

Lyndal Maybrick, a ward of Joe Marvis, who is training King Daffodil, is also in love with Merrick. A splendid horsewoman, she has ridden in the secret trials which have proved King Daffodil's certain victory. Marvis believes that Merrick is in love with Lyndal, and so does Lyndal herself.

Merrick and Dolores are on a day's expedition

from Vogel's house together, where they are both guests. After a delightful day, he insists on her telling him why she refuses to be his wife.

### CHAPTER VII. (continued).

"So, you want me to go away," Merrick said. "Of course, you told me that before."

"Yes, I want you to go away. I told you that before, but I did not tell you why. I want you to go away—because I love you."

For an instant she allowed her eyes to rest on his face. He made a step towards her, a glad cry escaping his lips; then he checked himself and waited for her to continue.

It was so difficult for her to commence. There was so much to tell, and it was all hideous, vile.

"I don't know how to tell you," she cried. "Give me the letter you received this morning, the letter asking you to return home to your work, to your duty. That may help me to tell you."

He put his hand in his pocket and withdrew the crumpled sheet of paper.

"This is a dreadful waste of time," he said.

"Read it if you wish, but when you have read it, tear it up."

She took it from him, and read slowly. The letter helped her in her resolve. She read the character of the man who wrote it; she read the character of the home at Epsom—she almost smelt the perfume of the roses that clambered across the house.

"Yes, you will go home," she said slowly. "You read this letter?"

He nodded.

"And you would have sacrificed such a home, such a friend for me, for a strange woman—an adventuress?"

"Yes, I would," he said quietly.

She glanced at the letter again. "And the postscript, did you read that?"

"No—I didn't notice it; tear the letter up."

"I must read the postscript first; everything of importance, in a woman's letter at any rate"—with the ghost of a smile—"is found in the postscript."

"That letter is from a man; and the postscript is only about a horse."

"Only?"

But when she read the last few lines that Joe Marvis had penned she knew that it was not "only about a horse." Her expression changed; the sheet of paper trembled in her hands. She held it up before her eyes so that Merrick should not see her. The most important part of the letter was in the postscript. The most important part to Dolores St. Merton.

Had Arthur Merrick deceived her?

The question was answered directly her heart asked it. He was too young, too honest, too much in love with her.

Then what did that strange reference to matrimony mean? Had he hinted in one of his letters to Joe Marvis that he was in love with Dolores?

Hope ousted jealous fear for an instant.

"Well, what's the matter; what does the postscript say," Merrick asked.

Dolores took a deep breath and gained control of her voice.

"Shall I read it to you?"

"I don't think I want to hear."

"But you must hear. You must explain."

"Listen." Her voice trembled slightly and her hands shook as she read Marvis's kindly jest and kindly promise. And, struggle against it as she would, the demon jealousy whipped her blood into a frantic lurch through her veins.

She stole a glance at Merrick's face—and learned the truth at once.

"Give me the letter," he stammered. "Give it to me."

He seized it almost roughly and read the postscript over to himself.

Then, slowly, not daring to look at Dolores, he tore the letter into fragments, threw them on to the ground, and dug them into the earth with his heel.

Watching him, Dolores's mood changed. He resolved faded away with the glory of the sunset. Like a ship, it sank behind the cold hills of duty—but without the hope of rising on the morrow.

(Continued on page 11.)



## MOTOR-BOAT DAY.

The First Meet of the British Motor-Boat Club at Kingston-on-Thames To-day.

Day by day the motor-boat has strengthened its hold upon us, and to-day, at Kingston-on-Thames, it reaches the dignity of its first meeting, under the auspices of a club of its own—the British Motor-Boat Club.

Three years ago the motor-boat was an experiment. To-day it is an acknowledged success. Motor-boats go plunging up and down the rivers. Motor-boats go dashing through the waves around the coast as dispatch-boats and launches to yachts. The time cannot be long delayed when torpedo-craft will be driven by petrol engines, not by steam. One of Mr. S. F. Edge's boats has just completed a non-stop run to the Orkney Isles.

In spite of the fact that its utility was demonstrated from the first day it appeared, the motor-boat has had to contend with a great deal of opposition. Almost everything possible has been done to handicap its use on the Thames as a pleasure-boat, the chief reason given being the wash caused by such fast-moving craft.

But any boat makes a wash when travelling fast, and that a motor-boat can travel at a great speed as thirty-five miles an hour is no reason why it should not be allowed to travel slowly.

One of the most extraordinary things about the motor-boat is its deceptive appearance. A small, low, 40-foot boat goes slipping gently past. It looks nothing out of the common, but her engines are 100 horse-power, and her speed greater than that of many a railway train. With the sun shining upon her and on a calm river she looks the most peaceful of craft.

### GAINST WIND AND WAVE.

But see her dashing down the Channel against half a gale of wind. Half her length is hidden under the hood which is necessary to throw off the wave she raises from her bows. Over the edge of the hood, shielded by a thick glass plate, show the eyes of the man at the steering-wheel, a wheel exactly like the steering-wheel of a motor-car.

Underneath the hood is her four-cylinder engine, with its shining brass and copper tubes, the force-pumps for the petrol and to keep her clear of water.

And that last pump has a busy time. The water literally sweeps over her from stem to stern. It washes along the hood in an unbroken sheet. First she leaps from the top of one wave to the top of the next, lunging bow and stern upon their crests. Then she crashes into the side of a third, cutting her way like a torpedo, driving through the smother of foam with seemingly irresistible force.

It is the most exhilarating sport in the world. The sensation of speed and the sensation of victorious strife against the elements, and those elements, too, which appeal before everything else to Englishmen—the sea and the gale.

The practical utility of it? Incalculable, as yet. The powers of the motor can be increased to any extent. The largest liner can be driven with the petrol engine, and that engine would not take up one-tenth of the room now occupied by engines

## SIR FREDERICK TREVES DENOUNCES ALCOHOL.



Sir Frederick Treves, the famous surgeon, declares that alcohol is an insidious poison, the use of which should be strictly limited. These drawings show the percentage of alcohol in various beverages. They are reproduced from Professor Boyd Laynard's work, "The Chart of Life," published by Messrs. Hammond and Hammond.

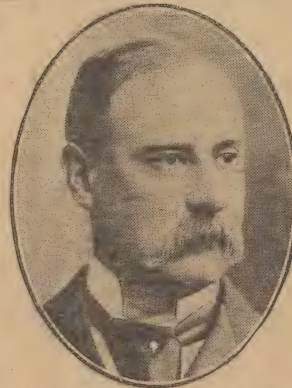
and boilers. There would be no stoking necessary, and the crew might be reduced by half, while extra merchandise would replace the great boilers.

In smaller vessels of the torpedo-boat type, where speed is the great object, the marine petrol engine would have many advantages. Crews could be reduced by more than half. Boats could be reduced in size owing to the comparative lightness of the engines or attain higher speed by carrying engines of greater power. There would be no smoke to reveal the presence of the approaching enemy.

And the present small boats? They are already of real use in warfare. As dispatch-boats they are as far ahead of the steam launch as the launch is ahead of the old row-boat.

The puffing, panting launch, with her necessary crew of four or five men, her funnel streaming smoke, her snoring engine, is a mark for every hostile gun.

The quiet motor-boat, with her speed of, say, thirty miles an hour. With her crew of two men—and one is enough—low in the water, with no funnel, no smoke, and almost completely hidden under the risk of water, but another broken upon the wide sea, passes unseen anywhere. And if seen her great speed and her uncertainty as a mark ensure her safety.



Sir FREDERICK TREVES.—(Lafayette.)

Dolores drew a deep breath. There was a note of triumph in her voice that stung Arthur Merrick like a taunt.

"I tell you that there is some idiotic mistake—a foolish jest. I have never spoken a word of love to—Lyndal."

"Lyndal! What a strange and pretty name!" Merrick's grasp tightened.

"I don't love her. I love you, and you know it. I shall never love anyone but you, and you know it. I shall never marry anyone but you. You may send me away, you may refuse to marry me, but I shall just go on loving you—always."

Ever since she had read the postscript in Joe Marvis's letter Dolores St. Merton had been acting. But now she suddenly found it very difficult to continue playing her part. Nature was proving herself too strong for art. Nature was getting the upper hand. And Eros with his bow and arrows chuckled as he hid among the osiers by the river.

"You will not love me when I have told everything, so I shall tell you—everything—now at once. Then you will go back to your Lyndal and the roses; and I shall be happy, too, knowing that I've made you happy."

Arthur Merrick laughed.

"Come and sit down here beside me, and I will commence," Dolores said, dropping her voice to a whisper.

Merrick obeyed.

"Is the confession a long one?" Dolores was silent a moment. She studied Merrick's face under her long lashes.

"And supposing I asked you to do something evil for my sake?" she said presently.

Merrick did not reply.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"Supposing I asked you to do something evil for my sake," Dolores repeated. "You wouldn't do it."

She did not ask a question now; she made an assertion.

"You would not ask me to do anything evil."

"Ah!"

To H.M. the King.

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## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

She would have sacrificed her love, she would have sent Arthur Merrick back to his home among the roses, back to his duty, his horses; she would have given him up to King Daffodil, to Joe Marvis, and risked the wrath of Vogel. But to another woman—

That was asking the impossible.

Out of the three possibilities she reviewed in the morning but one was left.

"Well," she said lightly, "you'll have to go home now, you see. You're not only wanted as a jockey—but as a bridegroom."

"There is some mistake, some horrible mistake."

Dolores smiled.

"My dear Mr. Merrick, it is always a mistake to make love to two women at once. I really think you might have told me—don't you think that you have treated us both a little badly, eh?"

"You don't understand," he cried. "How should you? Even I don't understand. There is some strange idiotic mistake—"

He broke off suddenly, the same thought that came to Dolores striking as a ray of hope in his heart.

"Perhaps he has heard that I love—you—Vogel may have overheard, seen something and written—just jokingly, you know."

Dolores shook her head.

"Vogel did overhear, but he has not written." Merrick did not grasp the full meaning of her admission.

Dolores held out her hand, a smile on her lips and in her eyes—an affectionate, pitying, forgiving smile. There was just the suspicion of pathos in her voice, nothing more.

"Why didn't you tell me, Arthur? I should have understood. But I don't blame you; I can say it has been my fault. I have been so worried lately that I have hardly known what I have said or done. . . . I hope you'll be very happy. Come, it is time we returned to the farm for tea."

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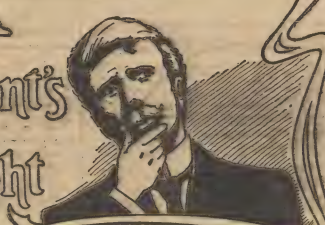
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# THE CHILDREN'S CORNER—A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

## TWO GIRLS SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS.

### PRIZE AWARDS FOR PICTURES AND POSTCARDS.

Last week's picture, as my young friends the competitors in the Children's Corner will recollect, illustrated the old saying, "A cat may look at a king." The children were invited to colour the picture, and a prize of five shillings was offered for the best result.

The prize goes to a little girl named Nancy Nadin, 28, Ashby-road, Burton-on-Trent. Nancy is only nine years of age, but her picture is quite a work of art.

My little girl friends have been very busy and successful this week. The picture sent in by Maud Morris, 9, Radford-road, Leamington, is highly commended by our artist, and so are those sent by Dorothy Saville, 73, Grove Green-road, Leytonstone, and Florence Sivell, 2, Manor-terrace, Lea Bridge-road, Leyton. Amongst the boys the pictures sent in by Percival P. Hodgson, 81, Pentney-road, Balham, S.W., and H. Mickelburgh, 68, Summer-road, Croydon, have received warm commendation from our artist. Perhaps H. Mickelburgh is a little girl; if so, I beg her pardon.

### A CAT AND HER DOG FRIEND.

The prize of 2s. 6d. is awarded to Annie Darby, 71, Woolwich-road, East Greenwich, for her anecdote of a cat, which she has copied from "Observations on the Language of Brutes," by M. Wenzel. Here is the story:

I had a cat and a dog, which became so attached to each other that they would never willingly be asunder. Whenever the dog got any choice morsel of food, he was sure to divide it with his whiskered friend. Wishing to put this friendship to the test, I one day took the cat by herself into my room, while the dog was kept in another room. I had had a partridge for dinner, half of which I had intended to keep for supper. My wife covered it with a plate, and put it in a cupboard, the door of which she did not lock. The cat left the dining-room and went to the dog and mewed very loudly, while the dog barked. They went to the door of the room, where the cat had dined, and waited till it was opened. The two friends then entered. My wife went to see what was going on, and there she saw the cat, who had led the dog to the cupboard where the partridge lay covered up, and, pushing off the plate, took out the bird, and laid it before her canine friend, who devoured it quickly.

Highly commended is the story sent in by Gilbert E. Banks, 421, Penistone-road, Sheffield.

### A COMPETITOR IN COPENHAGEN.

I am very happy to say that I own competitors far and wide. This week a postcard reaches me from a Danish boy, whose name is Ewald Bruun, 29, Havnegade, Copenhagen. I have heard Ewald's story before, and think it is a very funny one indeed. It is called the King and the Little Boy.

I also wish to commend very highly the postcards sent in by H. W. Wright, 5, Cornwell-road, Bristol; Magorite Hall, 5, Norfolk, Doune, Greenhill-road, Harrow; Lillian G. Dickinson, 5, Shortwood View, London-road, Staines; Miss Edith Latimer, Westwood, Jubilee-road, Watford; and Madeleine Harvey, 19, Grove-place, Bedford.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

drink; he has been living abroad; but now he is coming home."

"Coming back to you?"

"Yes."

"You love him?"

She shivered, and Merrick lifted his head and looked at her.

"You don't love him," he cried, joy mixing with the passion in his voice.

"I hate him even more than I fear him," she cried. "I never loved him, I never married him. I was married to him when I was only nineteen; we parted outside the church doors. For twelve months, whilst he remained in England, my life was a misery, a perpetual nightmare—he pursuing me, I running away from him. Then the Vogels, old friends of my family, gave him funds to leave the country. That was five years ago, for five years Mr. Vogel has sent him money to keep him abroad, paying for his freedom. It was a horrible position, but what could I do? Each year I thought must be his last—he was drinking himself to death. But now—"

"Why is he coming home?"

"Because Vogel refuses to supply him with further sums of money; and I haven't sufficient to send him, I haven't sufficient to satisfy his craving."

She was silent, only her tears fell faster; they fell noiselessly, or almost so; Merrick fancied that he could hear them splashing as they crept down her face and dropped on to her hands, or among the buttercups and daisies.

He did not speak, he found it difficult to think coherently. Dolores's confession was a shock, a great shock! he had been prepared for anything but that, anything but the news that she was already married.

Youth, enthusiasm, love had persuaded him that

### MORE PRIZES THAN EVER OFFERED.

I now pass on to this week's competition and to the enlargement of the prize awards. As you will see, the picture in the centre of this page illustrates the old saying, "A stitch in time saves nine." The Dutch are a very industrious people, and here you observe a little Dutch lady busy with her needle and

best picture. I have also determined to offer a higher prize for the postcards, and shall be happy to receive any story. The story need not have anything to do with a stitch in time saves nine. It may be about a favourite pet, or a day in the country, or perhaps something "out of the head" of the competitor. The prize offered is 5s. for the



This picture, which has to be painted by your young competitors, illustrates the old saying, "A stitch in time saves nine," one of the truest observations a wisacre ever made. It will make a lovely picture when coloured.

thread, whilst about her lie her dolls, one of them

I offer two picture prizes (an addition of one on last week's offer), one of 5s. for the best colouring of the picture, which may be done either in water colours or chalks, and one of 2s. 6d. for the second

best story. I hope I shall get six times as many postcards as I did this week, and I had a very large number. It is a great pleasure to me to feel that I am gaining friends, as I am sure by the numerous letters I receive I am, and I beg to remain, your affectionate,

DERRY-DOWN-DERRY.

nothing could divide them, that he was stronger than the Past or the Future. Nothing would have mattered—but marriage. He could have forgiven everything, forgotten everything, faced everything. But marriage! The law stood like an iron gate between the woman he loved and himself: she was chained to another man, like Andromeda to the rock, but only death could sever her chains.

Only death!

"Well, why don't you speak? Why don't you curse me?" Dolores asked presently. "Why don't you tell me that I have ruined your life?"

"Why should I curse you? It's Fate I curse."

"Perhaps—but few men would look at it in that light. Besides, I should have told you sooner."

She was finding fault with herself, putting the worst construction on her actions.

It was clever of her—immediately Merrick was hot in her defence.

"It all happened so quickly," he said. "I can't remember the day or the hour or the moment when first I realised that I loved you. It came suddenly—the moment I saw you, I expect. But you, why you always warned me against yourself. You mustn't blame yourself, Dolores."

"Tell me again, you are sure you don't love him—you never loved him?"

"Need you ask. And don't you understand that I am his wife in name only? In the eyes of the law, in men's eyes, if they knew, but morally, no! Spiritually, no!"

"And you never will be more than his in name! Promise me that!"

"I swore long ago I would never be his. I could not even bear to look on his face again! But now—"

"Now—" he started to his feet, his face scarlet, his hands clenched tightly together. "Now—what do you mean?"

"He will return to England, he will claim me. The law is stronger than a woman's will, the law

takes little heed of a woman's love or hate. I am his, remember. I cannot escape!"

"You must escape—you shall, if it's only a question of money. But Vogel—if Vogel knows all this, why does he allow him to return?"

"It is Vogel who has told him to return."

Merrick caught his breath sharply and dropped on to his knees beside Dolores, and forced her to look him in the face.

"Vogel loves you," he cried hoarsely. "This is his revenge."

"No, he doesn't love me," she laughed bitterly. "Of course, he has made love to me. It's a habit with that type of man whenever he meets a pretty woman, but that's not the reason."

"Then what is the reason? There must be some reason."

"I can't—I daren't tell you," she moaned. "You mustn't ask me."

"I don't ask you—I insist on your telling me. I command it!"

"By what right?"

"Love gives me the right to demand," he replied. "I will know, I must. And if you persist in refusing to tell me, Vogel himself shall tell me. I'll get the truth out of him if I have to thrash the brute."

Dolores hesitated a moment then very softly: "I will give you one more chance. Be wise, and don't seek to know anything further. Go away, go home—home to the roses and the horses, to the girl who loves you, and whom you really love, as you'll discover one day. Go back to your work."

Work is the one thing that is stronger than love; work will soon teach you to forget me. You will win the Derby, you will marry the pretty little girl—and you will live happily ever afterwards—and perhaps sometimes remember me, and feel grateful to me."

"Have you finished?" Merrick asked laconically.

(To be continued.)

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## CHERRY LASS WINS THE "ONE THOUSAND."

Robinson's magnificent Run of  
Success—Melay captures  
the Breyth Handicap.

### SELECTIONS FOR LINGFIELD PARK.

NEWMARKET, Friday Night.—Mr. Hall Walker's handsome filly, Cherry Lass, won the One Thousand Guineas to-day, and thus Robinson, the Foxhill trainer, picked a week the like of which has seldom or never been known at Newmarket. The two classic prizes with Vetas and Cherry Lass were supplemented by the success in their respective races of Sweet Mary, the magnificent Black Arrow, Koor Kizi, and Giulian.

Giulian won the Mares' Plate this afternoon, after a pretty struggle against Jonquil and Round Dance. This trio almost monopolised the market, and they finished in the inverse order of their betting.

Cherry Lass would doubtless have been favourite in any case for the One Thousand Guineas, but the interesting prelude by which she won a ton of money to be poured into the market, and at one time even was accepted as the Foxhill filly. The Derby of Portland came to see Panicle and more, and none among the nineteen runners looked better and few half as fit. Cherry Lass, extremely well-behaved in the paddock, made a host of new friends, but her trainer expressed a wish that she had run at least once before this season, as the young lady required some experience in public before one could rely on her giving her best performance.

This anxiety was well grounded. Cherry Lass had not come more than half-way without getting into trouble, and she swerved badly under the whip at "The Bushes." Lord shouts that the favourite was beaten half-way, and she heard whistling for her to go straight, and though for a few seconds Lord Elmsmere's Koorhaan threatened extreme danger, Cherry Lass came triumphantly through all difficulties, and crossed very decisively at the finish.

Lord Derby's Verdiana whipped round, and was left at the start, and Mr. W. Raphael's Gracel broke a blood-vessel. Panicle ran very moderately, and Galantein in each Marchmont and in the first race as a two-year-old. Amie could not live among the front ranks at the pace, and it is noteworthy that Koorhaan and Jonquil were rather out of the fourth at the finish, Renaissance started at 25 to 1.

It was only yesterday that Melay was sold from Robinson's stable to Colonel Kincaid Smith for 1,300 guineas, so we should really give the Foxhill trainer further credit, since Melay won the Breyth Handicap this afternoon in a canter from Sermon and others. The winner is now trained by Felix Leach.

Certain habitual visitors to Newmarket will bet on anything, however large the number of runners and moderate or mixed the class, and despite the liability to a bad start under the whip, which would be a fatal beginning to a burst over four furlongs. These conditions prevailed in the Two-Year-Old Selling Plate, and backers accepted 7 to 2 against the Holmshire filly as a two-year-old. Her chance was destroyed at the start, and a scrambling and pushing race ended in a head victory for her. Ethel Chatterbox, who by the name had not been mentioned to a bookmaker, Mr. Sol Joel backed her, but that youngster again failed. E. W. Day's second bought the winner for 240 guineas.

Lady Chancellor colt carried top weight, and out-stayed the lot in the Clippenham Plate, run over the last mile and a half of the Cesswrick course. He was much less fancied than either Prudent King or Mid Air. The latter, beaten before getting to the foot of "The Bushes Hill," at which point Prudent King seemed going best of the race, but the other fifty yards Lady Chancellor colt drew to the front and won in smooth style, the majority of the others pulling up.

The huge field for the Friday Welter made a total of ninety-four runners this afternoon. Lord Howard de Walden's Long Glass, a strong order, did backers a good turn in concluding the meeting.

### SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

3.30.—Fellbridge Welter—UNDERGRAD.  
4.0.—Sackville Handicap—EMMA GELDING.  
4.0.—Victoria Plate—LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN.  
4.0.—Apprentices' Plate—ANCASTER.  
4.30.—Surrey T.V.O. Plate—FACILLANT.  
4.30.—Kidbrooke Plate—SCOTCH MISTAKE.

### SPECIAL SELECTION. SPUNGGLASS. GREY FRIARS.

### RACING RETURNS.

#### NEWMARKET.—FRIDAY.

12.30.—CHIPPENHAM PLATE of 500 sovs. for three-year-olds. Last mile and a half of the Cesswrick Course. Mr. W. S. G. Singer's Lady Chancellor colt (9st 5lb) won by 10 lengths from 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 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